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A Detective Story

THE LOST STAR OF THE FILMS

by Jack Bechdolt

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To Our Readers

WE wish to call your attention to a clever collection of mystery and detective stories to be issued in the next number of this magazine. They have been selected with great care from hundreds of scripts submitted to us, and cannot fail to interest the most particular readers. All our old-time subscribers remember what interesting tales Charles Fulton Oursler has written for this publication. His next story, "Counterfeit Clues," is the best one ever evolved from his fertile imagination. It is full of pep and quick action, and the interest is absorbing from beginning to end. Don't miss this great treat. "When the Crook Failed" is a short story of unusual merit written by Gottlieb Jacobs. "Dangerous Digits," a detective story, is by Will A. Wilkinson, and we will have a little gem by Edward Sparks Brown entitled "The Poison Pen." We will also issue another of Orrin W. Simons' weird mystery stories called "The Strange Case of Henshaw," and a collection of short articles on a variety of odd and interesting subjects.

Another large batch of gripping stories has just been procured for future issues of this magazine, and we shall now have some pleasant surprises coming to our readers. Announcements of what they are will be made on this page from time to time.

The Cash Prize Contest closed on November 15th. Hundreds of answers were received from our readers all over the country. The judges are now busy reading the story endings sent in, and will render a decision as soon as possible. We trust that all contestants will have patience, as it requires considerable time to read all of the enormous number of answers we received. The names of the winners will be published as soon as the three judges settle the decision, and checks will be mailed to the lucky six. Watch this page for all future announcements.

THE EDITOR.

The LOST STAR of the FILMS

by Jack Bechdolt

CHAPTER ONE

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

AMONG the dozen guests gathered in an apartment on Riverside Drive there was a sense of suspense, of something impending that made the air seem as though charged with electricity.

Suppressed excitement showed in the bright eyes and quick, rapid conversation of the women. Even the men laughed too readily and loudly.

In another place and with other hosts one might be pardoned for thinking intoxicants had been served with liberal hospitality, but this particular hostess did not serve her guests alcoholic drinks.

Happiness, however, is as potent as alcohol, and this was a happy excitement, anticipating the revelation of a tremendous secret.

Eyes kept turning toward the radiant, blonde beauty of Rita Parke, whose face was known around the world. Wherever a motion picture projector had been, from Broadway to the Bund in Shanghai, even as far as the wilds of Indo-China men knew and loved the phantom of Rita Parke, made real to them by the magic of the photographic film.

An American girl, born in a small town of the Middle West, daughter of an obscure family, in ten years she had become a world figure. Sweetheart of Humanity her press agent called her, and for once a press agent's words were no more than the simple truth.

There was a man among the guests who shared Rita Parke's prominence. He was known and admired almost as much as she was. He was the man who had introduced the world to Rita Parke.

Graham Locke was to the celluloid drama very much what David Belasco is to the stage. He was a pioneer in the production of motion pictures which spared no effort and no art in seeking perfection.

Rita Parke was not the first star Locke had discovered in obscurity and polished to a lustre that spread rays around the globe. But she was his greatest find and she had brought him to his greatest success. On the films their names were always linked. Since, a few months before, Graham Locke had organized Star Films, his own corporation, and made his own productions, free to spend like an emperor by the power of almost unlimited capitalization, their two names had commanded an admiration that ranked them with the great ones of this world.

Though he was a pioneer of the films, Locke was not old in years. The photoplay itself is young though a giant in growth. A man in his early thirties, his grave, thoughtful face revealed its youth when he smiled. And this evening he smiled often.

Oftenest of all Locke smiled when he caught the tender, significant glances of Rita Parke.

Rita Parke's guests numbered various people whose names and faces were well known. There were several notables of the films, several men prominent in finance and their wives, a widely known critic, two novelists, a famous politician.

One man who attracted particular attention even in this little company of celebrities was noted neither for acting, writing, money nor eloquence. You would not have given him any prizes for beauty, certainly.

Professor Ford Markman was a retired mathematician. For several years, as a few people knew, he had been connected with the metropolitan police as a specialist in unraveling peculiar crime puzzles.

Though the city administration had changed and his official connection ended, it was understood Markman was still on the best of terms with the new commissioner.

The criminologist was a man of medium height, built with broad shoulders and a head that further dwarfed his figure. His gray hair bushed out crisply, and threatened to curl if it had been let grow longer. Under no circumstances could his face with its coarse, seamed skin be called handsome, but his small, deeply set eyes twinkled with an alert intelligence that made him unusually attractive to those who knew him well.

"Professor Markman," one of the guests, a banker's wife, whispered to him as she settled beside him, "I wonder really just how great a detective you are. I'm going to test you. Tell me why we're here tonight."

"Why, my dear lady, I suppose because our friend Miss Parke wanted us. Bless my soul, I don't suspect any hidden motive——"

"Ah, but there is a reason! There's a secret! Come, now, don't tell me that you, a famous detective, can't deduct the deep secret we're about to hear."

"A secret!" Markman looked distinctly worried. "Good heavens! I didn't know. I give you my word I didn't guess——"

"Not about Rita and Locke? Oh, come——"

"Rita! Locke! Don't tell me anything has happened, that anything is wrong——"

Markman's interrogator burst out laughing.

"You are droll!" she cried. "And you a great detective! Not to see that they're fathoms deep in love. Not to know that they're about to tell all the world about it—to announce their engagement——"

"Engaged to marry—Rita and Locke! God bless my soul——"

"Hush!" said Markman's companion earnestly. "Not so loud. We must let them announce it. It's still a secret."

"But they have told you——"

"Mercy, no! I simply know it. Any woman could tell that."

Markman rose and made her a deep bow. "Beside a woman's intuitions," he said, "the most brilliant deductions of a trained mind are as nothing——"

His companion's hand on his arm silenced him. "They're going to announce it now," she whispered.

CHAPTER TWO

SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR

GRAHAM LOCKE had risen.

The famous director was a little pale and unusually grave.

Rita Parke moved across the room until she stood beside him. She was smiling happily.

Locke's glance signaled general attention.

"Before we sit down to supper," he began, "I think it is only fair that I—that Rita and I—make a confession. We brought you here tonight for a purpose."

Ford Markman was conscious of a triumphant nudge from his neighbor, the banker's wife, a nudge he acknowledged with a nod of his head.

Locke went on: "I—we—Rita and I have worked together in pictures a number of years, as you know. I think each of us knows

the worst about the other, as well as the best. And I want to say that——"

There was an interruption here.

Taki, Rita's Japanese butler, stood beside his mistress, his brown face showing suppressed excitement. Rita whispered: "What is it, Taki?" Locke waited during their murmured conversation, waited until Rita turned with a little gesture of apology. "You must excuse me for just a minute—or not more than two at the outside," she said. "It seems to be important."

Locke bowed and Rita followed the butler from the room.

There was a murmur among the guests, smiles, suppressed laughter.

"Oh, go ahead and tell us, Locke," somebody suggested.

"Go on, I dare you!"

"You're afraid!"

"Got to have Rita's support!"

Locke answered their impatience smilingly: "Not a syllable until she's here to back me up. You're right, I'm scared to death!"

The wait was awkward. The guests tried to make conversation to fill the time. Locke fidgeted and kept turning his glance on the door Rita had passed through.

Fully five minutes slipped by, and then five more.

"Will you excuse me?" Locke burst out suddenly and hurried from the room after Rita.

"I'm afraid he's learning what a woman's 'just a minute' really means," said Markman to the banker's wife.

Everybody in the room seemed a little uncomfortable. The talk was fitful and all eyes were watching the door for the return of the missing ones.

Markman rose suddenly, aware that the butler, Taki, had signaled from across the room that he wanted him. He followed Taki through the door into a small library at the rear of the apartment.

Graham Locke met him at the doorway.

He was fearfully excited.

"Markman!" he exclaimed. "Something's wrong! We can't find Rita! What shall I do——"

Markman took Locke firmly by the arm.

"What's this, a joke?" he asked. "Tell me what's happened."

"I do tell you. Rita's gone. Disappeared. She went to the hall ten minutes ago, as you know. Taki admitted a man in uniform, one of the hallboys of the building by his livery, who said his message must be told her in person. She came out here to him. Taki left them together. When I followed a few minutes after, Rita had gone and the man had gone. We have searched the apartment. She is not in it. We asked the door man and the elevator operator. She was not seen coming out. Markman, there's something mighty queer about this!"

"We'll look again," Markman said briskly, taking command of the situation.

After a quarter of an hour, during which every corner of Rita Parke's apartment was searched, her maid and butler cross-questioned and employees of the apartment building examined, Ford Markman turned a serious face on Locke.

"Get rid of the guests," he directed. "Make the excuse that Rita is suddenly indisposed, but not seriously ill. Don't let anybody guess the truth. No use starting gossip. When you have done that come back here to me."

"It's staggering! It's beyond belief!" Locke exclaimed. "I don't know what to think—what to do. Markman, you don't suppose she has come to—to harm? You don't think——"

"Locke," said the criminologist, pushing his friend toward the door, "just now I don't think at all. I advise you not to. Instead of guessing suppose we get at the truth as fast as we can. For a beginning do what I tell you—get rid of those folks in there, and do it quickly."

CHAPTER THREE

THE GREEN LIMOUSINE

WHEN Graham Locke had finished making excuses to the guests and finally got the last solicitous friend out of Rita Parke's home he hurried to the little library to rejoin Markman. Markman greeted him with unusual seriousness.

"It's still a mystery," he admitted. "I've been cross-examining Taki and Hilda, Rita's maid. No information there. Then I had Taki telephone every friend to whom Rita might possibly have gone. No good came of that. I'm not yet ready to say there isn't some simple, obvious explanation to this, Locke, but I'm going ahead now on the assumption that it might be serious——"

"Serious! My God, Markman, don't you realize I love Rita? That she's more to me that anything in this world? And she vanishes this way, at the very moment we were about to announce our engagement to everybody, at the happiest moment of my life, and you admit that it *might* be serious!"

"Yes," Markman agreed calmly, "I admit it might."

"Well," Locke began, "you can sit and theorize if you want to, I'm going to do something! I'll talk to the doorman again, the telephone operator. I'll——"

"You'll sit down," Markman said sternly. "Yes, you will! There, that's better. There are questions to be asked, people to be seen, but first let's start with all we know. Our object is to find Rita, if something happened to her, isn't it? Then, let's do that as quickly as we can. And the way to start is with all the facts. Locke, tell me all about Rita Parke, everything concerning her."

Locke shrugged: "You know as much as I do," he said. "She is Rita Parke; that's her real name. Her parents are dead. I met her seven years ago and gave her her first big chance in a picture I was directing. She remained under my direction, became a star and when I organized the Star Brand she signed with us, the biggest asset the company has.

"I loved Rita for years. Only a few months ago did I dare tell her. And she said she loved me."

"So she does, doesn't she?"

"I believe she loves me as surely as I'm standing here," Locke said gravely. He went on: "We postponed announcing our engagement. Our company was just getting on its feet then. Sometimes news of a star's marriage has a queer effect on her admirers. We thought it prudent to wait, to be sure Rita's popularity was not affected by the change she already had made.

"The first two releases proved she was dearer to film fans than she had ever been. There was no reason why we shouldn't marry immediately. We meant to."

"Had you rivals? Anybody who might persuade her to change her mind?"

"No," said Locke. "Honestly, I think not."

"Surely Rita had admirers!"

"Admirers! My dear man, she gets a small mountain of mail from them every morning. And offers of marriage, bushels of them! Any film star does, and Rita's mail is the joke of the profession. But that—that's just the public, a part of the applause, you might say."

"But there must have been others, other men who knew her personally, and were just as anxious to marry her?"

"Fully a couple of dozen, Markman. But Rita has told me there was not one of them she would listen to. I believe she meant it."

"And none you feared. No man particularly."

"I feared them all. Yes, and hated them all. Well, there was one, Markman. There was Radnor Cawthorne. You know him?"

"Cawthorne, the broker in Wall Street?"

"Yes. I did hate him particularly. He was damned determined. Yet I don't think he ever stood much chance. And Rita definitely eliminated him from her friendship months ago."

"Nobody then whose message might call her away, get her instant attention and response?"

"Oh, that! Yes. A hundred people. Markman, I suppose there really are a hundred nobodies, the failures, the unfortunates of the films. She welcomed them all — and their troubles. For one of them she would give away the house over her head. Rita's stray dogs, we used to call them. They hung about her in droves, living off her charity."

"But no rival, nobody with the means and position to win her from you?"

"I think not. I wouldn't be thought conceited, but I think not. Unless" — Locke's face darkened—"unless Cawthorne—— But, no, she eliminated him. She told me so. I can't doubt that!"

"No," Markman agreed gravely, "you can't doubt her word. Then, Locke, I think next we'd best notify the police."

"No!" Locke shouted. "We can't do that! Markman, we must not do that!"

Locke's vehemence brought a stare from the criminologist. "I realize you don't want a sensation," he said, "but it is quite possible, my dear fellow, that we are going to need police help. Rita has disappeared, time enough has elapsed to make pretty sure she did not slip out of here on any whim, or for any ordinary purpose. Wherever she has gone, she must be found and the police—yes and publicity——"

"Publicity!" Locke's face was ashy. "Markman, we must, by all means, avoid publicity. Even a whisper of what has happened might—might—— I tell you, unless we know that Rita's safety depends on it, nobody must even guess such a thing has happened to her to-night. We must find her!"

Markman said gravely: "I think, Locke, you had best explain further."

Locke said: "I will." He hesitated a moment longer before he went on, speaking cautiously, as if afraid of eavesdroppers:

"Markman, next to Rita, the dearest thing in the world to me is the Star Films, my own corporation, the very summit of my ambition. I will have to confide in you business secrets. You know the Star is capitalized at twenty millions. Less than half of that stock is actually sold. Banks are carrying the rest, collateral for loans that have kept us producing. You know the shape business has been in. The recent depression hit everything hard. Particularly the films. Many a sound concern went under and many another just saved itself from disaster. The Star is sound. There is not a safer investment. With Rita and the other famous stars to support her, under my direction we are practically assured of a public for years to come. But at the present time our backers, the banks, are obliged to lessen their load. The effort is being made to dispose of at least five millions more of our capital stock. The market has been prepared. The public is being prepared. The release on which Rita and I are now working, 'Madagascar,' the most ambitious thing I ever undertook, is intended as the final publicity and preparation for that stock sale. I tell you frankly, Markman, we plunged on 'Madagascar.' Never spent money so liberally on a film before, and you know I've spent millions in productions. But this is the climax. When 'Madagascar' goes over with the public, and I know it will go over, Rita and I will have done the biggest thing of our lives, and the Star stock will start selling close to par. In two weeks, our financiers figure, it should be at 110. It's got to be there. That stock must be sold!"

Locke rose impressively.

"Markman," he said, "I want you to realize that that film, 'Madagascar,' is not yet finished. Realize it is our master stroke, and our future depends on it. Realize that the Star's greatest hold on public good will is Rita Parke. Now"—he sank his voice to a whisper—"Rita's part in that film is not yet finished by one thousand feet! That thousand feet covers the very crisis of the story. And in two weeks we have pledged ourselves to have 'Madagascar' ready for release!"

Locke paused, struggling to quiet his rising excitement. He had paled and he wiped his wet forehead with a hand that shook.

"If the news leaked out that Rita Parke is gone," he said hoarsely, "Star Films will go to smash in forty-eight hours. That's the bare, simple truth.

"Markman, it's not only my future, or the future of our financial backer; Rita Parke's future is bound up in that secret. Do you see now why we dare not risk telling the police? You and I alone, somehow, must find Rita!" He added piously: "May God help us!"

"We'll need all the help He can give us," Markman agreed and, rising, rang for the butler.

"Taki," he questioned, when the Japanese came, "did you do as I asked, question all the hallboys?"

"Ess," hissed the butler.

'Did you find the boy who brought that message to Miss Parke?"

"No can find, Mistler Bloss, please! Such boy not work by this honorable place."

Markman considered a moment.

"I'm not very much surprised," he commented. "Taki, is there a policeman on duty near the corner? Seems to me I saw one."

Taki bobbed his head rapidly.

"Suppose you bring him up here. And

mind you, not a word to anybody about Miss Parke!"

Taki hastened to obey. Markman explained in answer to Locke's worried glance:

"I'm not going to give anything away. Just a few questions to the patrolman."

But when the butler returned with a pleasant-faced young fellow in police uniform Fred Markman sprang from his chair with an exclamation of surprise.

"Tom Haley! Do you remember me?"

"Do I? It's Professor Markman! As if I could forget after working with you on that Lidgerwood case."

They shook hands and Markman introduced Haley to Locke. "Whatever happens, we can trust Tom Haley," he assured the director.

"Tom," Markman began, "Mr. Locke and I are trying to unravel a little puzzle. Did you happen to be anywhere near the door of this apartment building at about ten-fifteen this evening?"

"Sure I was. Not ten feet away from the door, Mr. Markman."

"Did you notice anybody enter or leave the building at that time?"

"I did—I saw them enter and leave it both."

"Any woman, Haley?"

"Yes, a woman, Mr. Markman. A woman and two men. The two men went in, then pretty quick they came out with the woman between them and all three hustled into their green limousine and went away together."

"A green limousine!" Locke exclaimed.

"Green as the good old Irish shamrock," Haley grinned.

"Two men and one woman?"

"That's it, sir. I noticed particular because there was a man to each side of her, kind of supporting her like. Says I to myself, 'Maybe a drop too much home-brew the lady's been takin'. A youngish woman. I dunno but she was good-looking, except there was a veil over her face and all I could see was her yellow hair."

Locke and Markman exchanged a sharp, significant glance. Rita Parke's blonde hair was one of the most noticeable features of her beauty.

"Did you," Markman began, trying to keep undue eagerness from showing in his voice, "did you, by any chance, happen to notice the license number of that limousine?"

Patrolman Haley's reply was instant and hearty: "I most certainly did!"

CHAPTER FOUR

THE YACHT "PIRATE"

"I MOST certainly remember the license number of that car," Patrolman Tom Haley repeated with satisfaction. "And why? Because the fellow driving it was a fresh young lad and I took a look just to keep him in mind like, in case I met him again. You see, the tail-light of the car was out. So when I see him stop and the two men go in the door I steps up and advises him he'd better fix it, or maybe some cop would be giving him a ticket to come to the traffic court. He says something about liking to see the cop could catch him if he'd a mind to get away, so I made it a point to linger while he fixed the light. Now here's his number."

Patrolman Haley consulted his pocket notebook and on a piece torn from its leaf wrote a license number which he handed to Markman.

"Tom," said the criminologist, "I always said you were too smart to be a patrolman. Next time I see the inspector I'm going to tell him about you. Come on, Locke, we'll be going."

The three of them quit the apartment and Locke instructed Taki to admit no visitors; to tell any inquirers that Rita Parke was not seriously ill, but could see nobody, and to be prepared, at any hour, to welcome them back.

When they had left Haley on post, Markman hailed a cruising taxi.

"Center street," he told the driver.

From the records of the automobile division of the bureau of detectives they learned what they wanted to know, the address of the owner of the green limousine. Another hour and they stood in a garage on 125th street, inquiring for Frank Feltner.

Frank Feltner was in the garage, had come in about a quarter of an hour ahead of them.

They found him rubbing the varnish of the green limousine, his rent car.

"How should I know who rented my car to-night?" Feltner growled in answer to Markman's question.

"You know where you took your passengers?"

"Who says I do?"

The owner of the green car made to turn his back on them both.

"This says you do," Ford Markman suggested gently. He opened his coat and showed Feltner the badge of a police detective, a badge he still wore by permission of his friend the commissioner.

"And this may help your memory," Locke supplemented, displaying a greenback, but taking care Feltner did not get his hands on it.

Feltner looked startled, then he grinned.

"I didn't make you at first, cap," he said more pleasantly. "I'm a square guy myself, ask any of the boys down to Center Street. Nobody's got nothing on me, and any time I can do anything for one of you boys of course I'll do it, see? Well, then, this pair picked me up at Columbus Circle and had me drive 'em out to the Pelton Arms, that apartment house, you know.

"When they got out the big fellow says to me: 'We'll be back in a minute with a woman. We're in an awful hurry, so as soon's we get in you step on the gas and rush us down to the yacht club float. That's all you got to do,' he says. 'Just beat it down to the yacht club as quick as you can and don't be too damn curious,' he says. Then he slipped me twenty iron men for my trouble. So that's what I done. I took 'em to the float and left 'em there."

"Did anybody meet them at the float? What did they do when they got out of your car?"

"Don't know." Feltner answered indifferently, his eyes on the greenback Locke held.

"Oh, yes, you do! You mean to tell me you let two men drag a woman into your car and you never watched what became of her—a woman that was struggling when she came in and fought against them all the way down!"

"Sa-a-ay!" Feltner exclaimed, his eyes opening, "how d'you get that way? Who said the dame was scrapping? I didn't. Matter of fact, she went quiet, though I seen they was keeping pretty close alongside her when she come out of the Pelton Arms."

Something in Feltner's tone convinced both men he was telling the truth. Markman and Locke exchanged a puzzled glance. Was it possible they were on a false scent?

"At least you watched to see what became of them," Locke prompted, adding another greenback to his display.

"Well then, general, maybe I did. They got in a boat; a small yacht's boat was lying alongside the float and they was rowed out into the bay."

"What yacht?"

"I don't know."

"Think again," Locke suggested and added a third bill from his purse.

"It ain't no use!" Feltner protested. "I ain't going to lie to a guy if you was to give me the mint. I don't know what yacht it was. I don't know the fellows' names. I don't know the dame's monicker. I don't know one teetotal damn thing more'n I just told you and that's how that is."

"He's telling the truth," Markman decided.

Locke handed the chauffeur the money.

"I could tell you how them guys looked if you want to know," the chauffeur volunteered. "One was kind of short and fat with a pasty face and breathed hard. The other was tall, and he had a long nose and little sidewhiskers like a English valley. Both of 'em looked kind of soft, like they wasn't in training for no championship matches."

When Markman and Locke were gone Feltner looked at the bills the director handed him. Then he added a twenty-dollar note drawn from his pocket.

"It ain't bad, fifty bucks for velvet in one night," he grinned, "but I'm damned if it ain't the first time I was ever handed anything for telling the truth and nothing but!"

Markman and Locke lost no time getting to the yacht club float below the Drive on the North river.

The place was deserted as they might expect it to be at that hour of early morning. But finally, on a neighboring pier, they roused a watchman.

Had any of the yachts anchored in the

stream left their moorings at about 11 o'clock that night?

Yes, the watchman thought one had. He looked across the water reminiscently. Yes, at just about eleven. A small boat had come in, probably for passengers, and rowed out again, then he heard the yacht's whistle as she dropped her mooring buoy. As near as he could make out it must've been that big white two-decker, the—what was it, now—oh, yes, the *Pirate*.

Markman was aware that Locke had gripped his arm and his fingers were mauling the muscle savagely. He drew his friend out of the watchman's hearing. "Well?" he whispered.

"The *Pirate!* You heard? It's that scoundrel, Markman, the man I feared. He's kidnaped her. She would never go with him willingly, never in a million years. You can't make me believe anything else. And I'll find him and make him pay if it takes years, and every cent I own!"

"Make who pay? Find who? Who in the world are you talking about?" Markman demanded irritably.

"The man who owns the *Pirate*—the man I hate—Radnor Cawthorne!"

CHAPTER FIVE

RADNOR CAWTHORNE

"CAWTHORNE is the man," Locke insisted vehemently. "You remember I told you he wanted to marry Rita? He made an absolute pest of himself. He was mad about her. When finally he became almost insulting in his persistence she had the devil's own time getting rid of him. Cawthorne knows me. I don't doubt for a minute he knows that Rita loves me. He's the sort would spy and gossip and keep track of her, even when she turned him off. And he's done this thing out of spite. But I'll make him pay for it, Markman. When I meet him there's going to be murder done!"

Markman said to himself: "Then I'll be careful you don't meet very soon!" Aloud he remarked: "It strikes me the thing to do is to find him. And first to find his yacht, *Pirate*."

"We'll do that," Locke promised quickly. "Star Films owns a yacht, a boat pretty nearly the equal of Cawthorne's. We take it on lease. It's in the Harlem now, and ready to steam on a couple of hours' notice. Where's that taxi of ours? We've got to hurry."

"Good!" Markman agreed. "But I have matters to attend to before I go sea-voyaging, on a chase that may lead half-way around the world. Locke, go over to the Harlem and get your yacht under way. Send a boat ashore at the Battery and pick me up. I'll be waiting at the basin beside the Immigration slip. That will take you several hours. And meantime I'll look after several little matters, not one of the least being to lay our wires to get word of where Cawthorne's yacht has gone. It strikes me if we're going to follow we ought to know that. By the way, your boat has wireless?"

"Yes."

"Good! Then a friend of mine, ship news man for the *Morning Star*, is just the chap for us. I'll let him make inquiries and give us our course while we wait, ready, down in the lower bay. Now, on your way!"

Locke sped away in the taxi. Ford Markman walked back to the Drive and found his friend, Tom Haley, on post.

After an earnest conference with Haley the criminologist took a cab downtown and shortly after sun-up was waiting at the Battery for the boat that bore him to the waiting steam yacht *Vaquero*, leased for use in Star Films productions.

The *Vaquero* steamed down into the lower harbor as soon as Ford Markman came aboard. There she came to anchor. Nothing could be done until they learned in which direction Radnor Cawthorne's yacht was proceeding. Even Locke, excited as he was by his fears and hatred of Cawthorne, had to acknowledge that.

Shortly after noon the wireless operator of the *Vaquero* picked up a message from Ship News station at the Battery and handed it to Ford Markman. Markman's friend, the reporter for *The Star*, had wired: "Yacht *Pirate* reported off Northport, L. I."

"That doesn't look as if he was running away very fast," Markman commented.

"He'll run faster if he finds who's on his trail," Locke said and hurried off to find the *Vaquero's* commander and get that craft under way.

The Star Film yacht turned her nose again toward Manhattan, speeded under the bridges up the East river, through Hell Gate and into Long Island Sound. She was a trim, swift craft, capable of very satisfactory performance in any sea. But swift as she was she could not satisfy Graham Locke, who paced her deck with long, nervous strides, peering anxiously ahead, scanning the water with marine glasses, then pacing again as if he would outrun the boat's fleet keel.

Ford Markman closted himself for a time with the *Vaquero's* sailing master.

Toward four o'clock over against the Long Island shore, they made out the *"Pirate"* proceeding northward.

"All the speed you've got, captain," Locke cried eagerly to the bridge. "We've got to pick up that boat. Crowd her!"

"Remember!" whispered Markman, lingering beside the sailing master. A nod and a sharp look of understanding answered.

The *Vaquero's* stack poured black smoke. The yacht's deck began to vibrate as the engines speeded their revolutions. The curl of foam at either bow increased. The chase was on.

Locke's nervousness grew. He could not remain quiet a moment at a time.

The *Vaquero* gained noticeably on the Cawthorne yacht. Then, evidently, the *Pirate* added speed, for their relative positions remained the same.

"Can't you crowd her harder? More speed!" Locke demanded of the bridge.

"She's doing all she can," the sailing master answered.

"She's got to do better!" Locke cried angrily.

The black smoke from the *Vaquero's* stack increased in volume, but the *Pirate* kept her lead.

Behind the director's back Ford Markman and the sailing master exchanged an understanding glance. Markman whispered at the first opportunity: "You're doing splendidly, captain! He doesn't suspect. And you can see for yourself if we should overtake that yacht and he gets aboard, he's likely to do something he might be very sorry for."

A shout from Locke interrupted them.

The *Pirate* had changed her course. She was putting into a small harbor. Several large villas showed among the hills, but there was no town. It was evidently a private harbor.

The *Vaquero* changed her course to follow. But just outside the harbor the yacht came to a stop.

"Engine trouble," the sailing master reported. "We'll have to lay by at least an hour for repairs."

"I'll go in by the tender. Tell your men to hustle it," the director snapped.

But Markman led him aside. "Let me go, alone," he suggested.

Locke began an angry protest.

"It's no use," Markman answered firmly. "I am going to the *Pirate*. You will stay here, and wait."

"Wait! Wait, while Rita's a prisoner aboard that dog's boat? Wait, while Cawthorne gets away in triumph?"

"Cawthorne won't get away," said Markman. "Secondly, we don't know yet that Rita's a prisoner on the *Pirate*. Thirdly, for your own good you will stay here even if I have you seized and held! Suppose we're wrong? Suppose Rita isn't there? Are you going to tell Cawthorne the secret of her disappearance? Are you going to publish it to the world? Do you want to ruin Star Films?"

Locke groaned. "My God, I — I forgot about that!"

"Well, I didn't," his friend snapped. "Cawthorne doesn't know me. I can find what we want to know. Back in a little while!"

Markman stepped quickly to the waiting tender, it shoved away from the yacht and Locke was left there, unable to leave now unless he swam ashore.

The *Vaquero's* sailing master sighed with relief as fervent as Markman's. Their little conspiracy in staying behind Cawthorne's boat undoubtedly had prevented an encounter Locke might regret until the day of his death.

As Markman was rowed into the harbor the *Pirate* tied up alongside a private dock,

the only landing in the little bay. Markman had the yacht's tender beached, and while it waited he strolled up the dock from the shore end.

Half-way the length of the wharf he met a man proceeding shoreward hurriedly.

He was a tall, athletic man of about forty. Much of his black hair had turned gray. His eyes were black and brilliant under heavy black brows. Except for a certain puffiness of the skin, certain slight evidences of dissipation and a poorly controlled temper, he was a handsome chap.

Markman he favored with a sharp, suspicious glance, but no more. The criminologist passed him with a nod and touching his cloth cap deferentially.

He recognized Radnor Cawthorne, but it was not Cawthorne he had come to see.

CHAPTER SIX

DISAPPOINTMENT AND MYSTERY

A SAILOR stood on duty at the gangplank to the yacht *Pirate*. Him Professor Markman approached as an equal.

Though his ordinary manner was most correct and his speech rather inclined to be precise, Markman could, on occasion, fit himself for almost any level of society. He could make himself a good fellow and meet men on their own ground.

While he had assumed no disguise his manner as he came up the dock was a clever blend of deference to great wealth and a certain cunning alertness.

"Buddy," he said in a hoarse undertone to the sailor at the gangplank, "I'll show you how to pick up a five-spot and help out an officer of the law. How about it?"

"What d'you mean?" growled the sailor, at the same time looking about to be sure he was not watched by any superiors.

"C'mere," Markman beckoned. The man ventured ashore.

"I'm a court officer, see?" Markman flashed the badge under his coat. "I got a subpœna here for a certain party."

"Cawthorne!" the sailor exclaimed, drawing back. "Nothing doing. That'd cost me my job."

"Naw, not Cawthorne! It's a woman, a blonde woman, who was brought aboard your boat off Riverside Drive last night. Know who I mean?"

"A woman did come aboard," the sailor admitted. "I was in the tender that brought her. I guess she is a blonde, come to think of it."

"Yes! That's the one!" Markman could not quite keep the eagerness from his voice. "Can you fix it so I can see her a minute? Just a minute?"

"What's she done? Going to arrest her? I can't take any chances."

"No, not arrest her. She's a witness, that's all. Wanted in a case. I want to serve my paper, nothing else. The five is yours if you can take me to her."

"Oh, I'll send her out," the sailor promised. "She's Mrs. Warren Black's maid. I'll tell her a handsome guy is asking for her particular." He departed grinning.

"I knew it!" Ford Markman swore to himself. "A lady's maid!"

Nevertheless he waited the coming of the woman. One glance showed she was not Rita.

"This isn't the lady who came aboard at the yacht club," he accused the sailor.

"Well, it most certainly is! I helped bring her!"

"The only one? No other lady came?"

"The only one. You can bet your last dollar on that."

"I am the only passenger came aboard at the yacht club," said the stranger, a middle-aged woman in maid's black and white uniform. "Mr. Cawthorne's man brought me to join my mistress."

"I am very sorry," Markman explained. "A mistake has been made. The lady I was looking for—a witness in a divorce case—could not possibly be you. She was much older—and much worse-looking. Please excuse me. I got a wrong tip, I guess."

Markman reported failure to the astounded Locke.

"I confess I was not greatly surprised," he said.

"Not surprised?"

"No, Locke, the trail was too broad, too

easy to follow. The green limousine with a tail-light out, to attract the notice of any policeman or even a chance passer. The ease with which we found Feltner. His willingness to tell us all about it, even to volunteer descriptions. Two things happened when that green limousine called. Either Mrs. Black's maid was taken aboard the *Pirate* to join her mistress, Cawthorne's guest, in the most commonplace, law-abiding manner in the world, or else a very clever shield was devised to cover the disappearance of Rita Parke and lead us on a wild goose chase. Which it is, we'll know—some day."

Locke groaned.

"Some day!" he echoed.

"Do you know you're driving me mad with this damn indifference of yours. Can't you realize the woman I love is lost—in peril of her life for all I know? Can't you realize that everything I prize in life is at stake? And I'm in the dark, groping, groping, groping? I don't know where to turn, what to do and I tell you the worry of it all is driving me insane!"

Locke's face was haggard. His voice cracked like the voice of a very old man. His colorless lips twisted nervously and his hands beat the air as he paced the deck of the *Vaquero.*

"And if you knew all this," he burst out again, "if you're so wise, why waste a day chasing Cawthorne? Why waste time that may be measuring Rita's last hours on earth? You call yourself my friend, answer me that!"

"I will," Markman said gently. "The time has not been wasted. The clue roused my suspicion, but it *was* a clue. It was necessary to follow it and make sure what it led to. It seems to have led to a stone wall, yet we can't be sure even of that, Locke. And meantime, in the city, I'm not neglecting any chances. Haley is doing some necessary things for me, and I can trust Haley."

Markman put his hands on Locke's shoulders and forced the director to stand, facing him.

"Graham," he said gently, "I'm not heartless. I know all this hurts. Waiting is the hardest part of it. But you will have to wait. You'll have to prepare yourself for worse tests of patience than this. We're going back to the city and for two days at least you are going back to the Star studios and resume your work just as if nothing had happened to Rita Parke. You must do this thing."

"I can't!" Locke cried hoarsely. "I cannot do that!"

"Yes you can," his friend answered sternly. "And you will, because by doing that you will save Rita and Star Films. I promise you that. Do what I tell you exactly and at the end of forty-eight hours Rita will be safe in your arms and your business will be safe. I pledge that absolutely. And unless you do exactly that, I can't answer for the safety of the girl you love. You'll do it?"

Locke answered solemnly: "I will!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

WAITING IS ENDED

THE next forty-eight hours seemed to Graham Locke forty-eight years. The director of Star Films had passed his word and he kept his promise. But the effort took severe toll of him.

To all outward appearances it was forty-eight hours void of all developments.

Friends of Rita Parke were kept informed that she was still ill, but expected to recover soon.

Locke worked at the studios with demoniac energy finishing all the details of the feature picture "Madagascar," except those vital scenes in which Rita appeared.

Ford Markman spent a great deal of his time in the director's company. The rest of that time he transacted mysterious business with Patrolman Tom Haley.

All that Markman would say was "We must wait, We must be patient."

But at noon of the second day of idleness, when Locke declared he could stand the waiting no longer, Markman made him a new promise.

"Before another day is gone you will have Rita back," he pledged. "Is that worth waiting for?"

So once more Locke was cajoled into patience.

Toward evening, when Locke and Markman were together in the director's office, word came from the Star press department that a reporter for the *Morning Star* desired an interview with Rita Parke and would not be put off.

Acting under Markman's instructions to report any occurrence involving the name of Rita, Locke told Markman.

Ford Markman vented a deep sigh that seemed to exclaim: "At last!" His small eyes brightened. He rose briskly from his chair.

"I'll talk to the reporter," he said. "Where is he? The general reception room? Good!" He paused a moment to lay his hand over Locke's tightly clasped ones.

"It's all right now. I'm certain," he promised.

Presently a taxi left the Star studios. It carried Ford Markman and the reporter for the *Morning Star*. It went directly to *The Star* publication office and the two men hurried to the apartment of that paper's managing editor.

Fenton Queed, managing editor of *The Star*, had met Ford Markman and respected him. On previous occasions he had good reason to feel under obligation to the expert in crime. When his reporter presented Markman, Queed greeted him with surprise and pleasure that anticipated something worth while in the way of news.

"Queed," the mathematician began quickly, "your Mr. Smith has been at Star studios looking for confirmation of a sensational rumor about Rita Parke. I gather you have a tip that Rita has disappeared, that her director, Graham Locke, has been involved in a sensational hunt for his missing star, that there was a chase down Long Island Sound on a false clue and a lot of other detail that would make a crackerjack front page spread."

"Professor Markman," Queed interrupted eagerly, "if you can give *The Star* the now down on that story I'll promise you the roof off the building or the presses themselves, if you want 'em!"

"I can do better that that," Markman promised, smiling.

"It's true then! Holy cats, it really happened!"

"More than that happened," Markman agreed. "And I'm going to see that *The Star* gets an exclusive story. But——"

"I knew there was some string to it," Queed grinned.

"There is a string. But the story's worth a whole ball of string. I'm going to ask one favor. Queed, I'm enough of a newspaper man to know it's no use asking you where you got the tip on this story about Rita Parke."

"It's no use," Queed agreed quickly.

"Exactly. No regular newspaper man ever divulges a confidence like that. Well, I don't ask it. What I do ask is this: I want you to ask Mr. Smith here to write that story as he has the facts now, giving it all the sensational detail he can manage. I want him to handle that rumor as if it had been absolutely confirmed. I want you to have his article put into type, cast and sent to your press, and I want you to print me one copy—just one copy—of tomorrow morning's *Star* with that story about Rita Parke smeared all over its front page. Then I ask you to destroy the plate and forget this affair until tomorrow morning. Do that and I give you my pledge you'll have the story about Rita Parke for next day's issue that will make the whole world talk. Will you trust me?"

Fenton Queed during his long career managing a great newspaper was called on to make some queer decisions. Life in all its complications was his study and his business. Many a long chance he had taken and many an unusual bargain he had kept. Ford Markman's request was probably as weird as any he ever had heard.

But he hesitated only a moment before he nodded.

Queed's nod was as good as another man's bond.

"Anything else I can do for you, professor?" Queed asked.

"Yes. One thing. I'd suggest, just to make this better, that Mr. Smith telephone the man who gave him that tip during the evening and tell him the story is O. K."

"All right, Mr. Smith, you do that," the managing editor agreed. Then to Markman: "And you, I suppose know who this man is?

You undertake to get our bogus edition into his hands?"

"That's my part of it," Markman agreed.

"I don't know your purpose," Queed mused. "I don't ask to know it, but I suppose you understand I'm putting the reputation of this newspaper and my own future in your hands? If you should make a mistake——"

"If I am mistaken, Queed, there are more precious things even than that about to be lost," Markman said earnestly. "But I am not mistaken."

CHAPTER EIGHT

PERPLEXITIES ARE ENDED

IT was half-past nine o'clock of a fine, sunny morning, the morning following Ford Markman's unusual bargain with the managing editor of the *Morning Star*. Markman, Graham Locke and young Smith, *The Star's* reporter, presented themselves at the apartment of Rita Parke, and Taki, the Japanese butler, admitted them.

"Taki," Markman said, "find the gentlemen the cigarettes and cigars. See they have everything they want. I'll be back presently."

When Taki had hustled away, Markman lingered to whisper: "Keep him occupied for three minutes. Don't let him out of your sight."

It was more than three minutes, probably ten, when Markman re-entered the room. Taki was still lingering, answering a rapid fire of questions from young Smith in his most polished manner.

When the little butler saw who accompanied Markman he turned a sickly yellow.

Uttering a shrill cry he tried to bolt through the door. Before he reached it Patrolman Tom Haley materialized in the doorway and Taki turned back. He sat down in a chair, shut his lips tightly and composed himself to stony indifference.

But meantime something else happened that dwarfed the peculiar behavior of Taki. Graham Locke, glancing up at Markman's entrance, sprang to his feet, arms outstretched, eyes staring.

"Rita!" he gasped. "Rita—Rita!"

Rita Parke, still clad in the evening gown she had worn the night of her disappearance, sped from Markman's side to her fiancé's arms.

Markman beckoned Smith:

"Come outside. Give them five minutes," he said. "What they say is none of our business."

At the end of that five minutes Markman and Smith returned.

"Now, my dear," said the criminologist, "I want you to make your statement for the benefit of Mr. Smith here—not forgetting our mutual friend Mr. Taki, who must also be delighted to welcome his mistress home, even if he is not curious where she has been."

Taki's eyes, like highly polished marbles of jet, blinked, but they gave no hint of what he thought.

"I can't understand it!" Rita began. "I have passed almost three days of the strangest imprisonment. It seems a bad dream. I'm almost persuaded it is a dream! It — well, simply it's the sort of thing that can't happen. Yet there must be an explanation!"

"There will be one," Markman promised, "directly you have told your own experience."

Her hand in Locke's, Rita began:

"You remember, just as Graham and I were going to tell you our surprise, the news of our engagement. Taki came to me? He whispered that Alice Winters had returned to the city in terrible trouble and must see me at once, if only for a moment.

"Alice Winters was a dear friend. She worked in the films. She leased the apartment on the floor above this until last fall, when she went to England. Her apartment was not sub-let as she expected to return soon, or if it had been sub-let I had not heard of it.

"And Taki said that Alice was there, waiting for me, desperately in need of me, if but for a moment. My first impulse was to put off going, at least a little time. Then I remembered this was the happiest night of my life. Was it decent not to spare one moment of it to Alice, my friend, in trouble? And I was ashamed and hurried to Alice's apartment.

"The door stood open. Lights were burning. I went in. The door was slammed behind me——"

Rita stopped. She shivered at the recollection of that moment.

"The apartment was empty!" she resumed. "Not a soul in it. No sign of occupancy. I called. I screamed. I beat my fists against the thick door. I tried to telephone the office of the building. The telephone was dead, cut off. The windows were shut off from me by steel shutters, fitted on the inside. The place was a prison, sound proof, warm, furnished as Alice had left it, convenient, but a prison as secure as the very tomb. I wonder I didn't go mad in there!"

"And you saw nobody, heard nobody?" Markman questioned. "You have no idea who slammed that door? No idea who brought meals to you?"

"Meals!" Locke exclaimed.

"Yes, Graham. That's the strangest thing of all! I was cared for, well cared for. Meals were left for me.

"There is a service panel in the rear doors of these apartments. From the outside a person can slip things into it. From the inside the tenant can get them by opening the inner door. There would come a knock at that door, then I found the food hot and ready for me. But never did I catch a glimpse of the person who brought it."

Rita turned her wide-eyed gaze from one to the other. "Tell me," she begged. "Did I dream this thing? Am I truly out of my mind?"

"Of course you're not," Locke soothed. "But what the answer is only Markman can tell."

"And that you'll learn at once," Markman promised, for the apartment doorbell had rung and Patrolman Tom Haley ushered in visitors. There were two of them, another uniformed patrolman and no less a person than Radnor Cawthorne.

Locke sprang up at sight of his enemy.

Markman interposed himself hastily. "Sit there," he directed. The broker threw himself into the indicated chair and the patrolman pulled one close beside him.

"Look here," Cawthorne began angrily, "if any of you are responsible for all this nonsense I warn you I'm going to make you pay. I'm arrested, taken from my business on the understanding I'm to go before the prosecuting attorney and answer questions. Instead I am brought here. What's the meaning of it? I tell you——"

"You can't guess?" Markham smiled. "Why not ask Miss Parke!"

He stood aside and for the first time Cawthorne saw Rita. His dark eyes stared hard. He changed color slightly. But he recovered quickly.

"Why ask Rita?" he sneered. "At some other hour than the middle of a busy day I'd be very glad to be her guest. Just now——"

"Just now," Markham interposed sternly, "you are going to be entertained by me. Cawthorne, during the past six weeks you have quietly bought up almost half a million dollars worth of stock in Star Films."

"Have I?"

"At the opening of the stock market this morning you instructed your brokers to throw the entire block on sale at fifty points below their value at last night's closing. Your reason for this was the belief that the morning papers carried a sensational story about the kidnaping of Rita Parke, the star."

"The morning papers did," Cawthorne said quickly. "At least the *Morning News*——"

"No, Cawthorne, you only think it did," Markman smiled. "You think it did because I saw to it you received the one copy of the *Morning News* that printed that story, a copy specially prepared for your benefit to let you believe that the story you inspired yesterday was made public. Not one issue of any newspaper carried that story this morning. That was just a bait, Cawthorne—and you bit!"

Markman's face grew stern. His accusations came fast.

"You bit," he repeated, "believing your plan to wreck Star Films was about to succeed. You threw your stock on the market to start the stampede inspired by your false story. You were willing to pocket your losses for the pleasure of gratifying a hatred almost superhuman — your hatred of the man who won Rita Parke's love where you failed.

"But before you did these things, Cawthorne, you very cleverly arranged that Rita Parke should disappear. You arranged to keep her a prisoner. Quite likely you thought that in time, to regain her freedom, she might

make a bargain to reconsider her answer to your offers. That's true, is it not?"

Cawthorne shrugged. "I don't know what you're talking about!" he said scornfully.

"You soon will. First, Cawthorne, you arranged by correspondence with Alice Winters, a film actress, to sub-let her apartment on the floor above this. You signed that lease as John Radnor. I have the lease in my pocket, obtained from the agent of the building, and that name John Radnor corresponds completely with your own signature.

"The mysterious tenant, John Radnor, did not appear to live in Alice Winters' apartment, but on the plea that he owned furnishings and plate of unusual value, he got permission to fit the windows with inner steel shutters, which made the place a very charming prison. All this is true, Cawthorne?"

"Prove it." Cawthorne taunted.

"I will," Markman promised. "Taki!"

The butler started from his chair.

"Ess," he hissed fearfully.

"Taki, your game's up! Will you tell who paid you to lie to your mistress, to follow her to that apartment on the next floor and lock the door behind her? Will you tell who paid you to take meals to her in that prison? Do you prefer to tell me that here, and take my promise to do my best to get you off with a light sentence, or would you prefer it was proved against you and you sent up the river for twenty or thirty years? Speak quickly!"

Taki blinked fast. He looked eagerly from face to face, calculating his chances.

"Ess!" he exploded with sudden shrillness. "I tell. Honorable Professor Markman, that is the man who pay Taki to do those so wicked things. I swear it by the book!"

Taki's brown, quivering finger pointed straight into the face of Radnor Cawthorne.

"I think that will do for the present," Ford Markman smiled. "A police stenographer has kept track of all this for use later. I think we can now dispense with the company of Mr. Cawthorne and his Japanese confederate. We will meet again in court."

When the room had been cleared Ford Markman turned to Rita and Locke:

"You must forgive me this weary delay," he said. "It had a good purpose, but the price was high, I know. Two days ago, Rita, I guessed your whereabouts—and two days I kept you waiting.

"As I told you, Locke, I suspected the clues strewn so plentifully before the front door of the Pelton Arms. That, too, was Cawthorne's work. The men in the green limousine have been identified as two of his servants. The woman waited in the doorway for them to come. Its purpose, of course, was to lead us a chase, to bring us to Cawthorne and to give Cawthorne excuse for making public the disappearance of Rita, without laying himself open to suspicion.

"Since Rita had not been taken from the building it was natural to suppose she remained in it. When I learned of the vacant apartment on the floor above I was certain.

"But I waited, painful as it was to all of us, waited for Cawthorne, the guilty man, to give some sign. That came yesterday. His first plan of making Rita's disappearance public having failed, he gave *The News* a tip and had them promise not to mention his name as the source of their news. They did not break that promise to Cawthorne, but the appearance of Mr. Smith on the trail of that story was all the notification I needed that Cawthorne was ready to walk into my trap. How it worked out you already know. Aside from his criminal liability I doubt if he gets much satisfaction out of the thought he sold half a million dollars worth of perfectly good Star stock at a loss of one hundred per cent!"

"But why did you let me stay in that prison? Oh, how could you!" Rita cried.

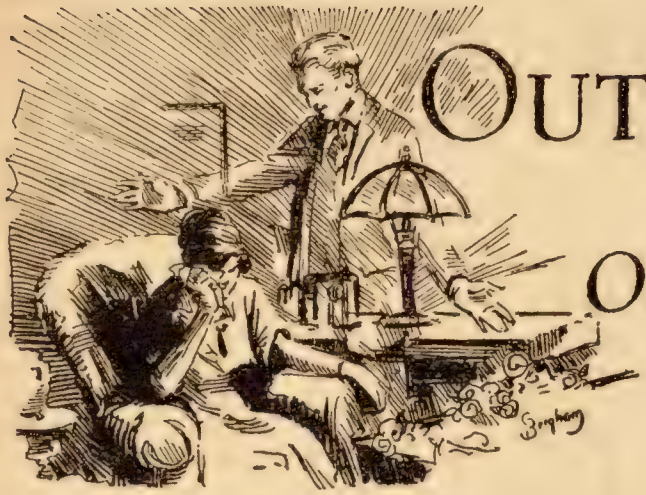
"And why keep me waiting, when every hour, every minute was torture!" Locke added.

"Because," said Markman, "while I could have set your hearts at rest I could not convict the man guilty of this plot until he helped convict himself. It was necessary that he be punished, more necessary than your two days of lost happiness, for now the one man who could and would harm you is out of your path. His conviction and punishment is as certain as to-day's sunshine!"

"As certain as my forgiveness!" Rita cried.

"As certain as our everlasting gratitude!" Graham Locke swore.

The hands of the three friends clasped and pledged their affections.



OUT OF SPACE

by Orrin W. Simons

(Author of "The Great Hindoo Ruby" and "The Hand.")

Fanciful and grotesque stories of purely the imaginative kind are sometimes intensely interesting. "Out of Space" makes no pretension of a scientific basis; it was merely a peculiar idea, developed into story form to amuse its author, but possesses sufficient fiction merit to warrant its publication.

—The Editor.

SHEATHES of light, violet, blue, white and rose were being thrust from the world's rim to flutter gigantically at the zenith of the starry sky. The spire of the white church across the way flushed in the unimaginably delicate pinks of the northern lights. Apparently nothing more could be done that evening. At ten o'clock our receiving instrument had recorded only blurred impressions; at ten-thirty all communication had stopped. Humison and I had gone to the roof to examine the antennæ of our wireless apparatus. Humison swore gently. The aurora had spoiled his night's experiments. For my part, I was tired of puttering among coils and switches. There was that something of God in the quivering walls of light that filled me with an abject, primitive emotion of the spiritual. Presently a chill wind came through the soughing branches of the pine trees.

"Oh, dammit, anyway!" Humison grumbled, "there's no use in freezing. Come on down and clean up."

We re-entered the laboratory. To our great amazement blue whisps of electrical current were glittering between the points of the anchor gaps. In the face of such atmospheric conditions this was inexplicable. So brilliant indeed were the sparks that I hurried across the room, followed by my companion, to investigate.

"Do you suppose it is caused by the aurora?" I asked as I adjusted the phone. What I heard so surprised me I motioned Humison to listen in. A name was being repeated, "Sylvia Slater, Sylvia Slater," a dozen times at least and very rapidly. Suddenly it ceased and after a short pause this message came through to us. I give it exactly as it was received. We each took it down and checked up afterward, finding no variation.

We have now determined to make public the communication which follows. Inasmuch as no address was given it is possible that Sylvia Slater, whoever or wherever she may be, will through this be made aware of the most inexplicable of all aerial records. Then, too, there is a personal reason for giving the story to the public. Humison and I may be the dupes of a ridiculous hoax. We will be profoundly grateful if any operator who re-

ceived the message will inform us of the circumstances. Only persons acquainted with the action of the aurora on the electro-magnetic waves will appreciate the peculiarity of our experience. Suspension of wireless activity during the phenomena did not, in this case, occur. It was the smooth, even-running clarity that leads us to believe the communication genuine. Here it is exactly as received at 11:30 o'clock on the evening of August 30th last:

"This is my only chance to reach you and the time is short. My dear wife, I am sure you will never forget the morning of August 3d. You perhaps will recall I was late in leaving the house because of the work I brought home the night before. When I turned to wave a good-by at the end of our tree-shaded block, you were standing at the edge of the porch, and I wished the day was over that I might be home again with you. The one sorrow of my life was my belief that you did not respond to my devoted love. You never knew what misery it caused me. Of course you could not help it if I did not appeal to you in that way. I thought of all sorts of sacrifices—of deeds I might perform that would touch your heart and awaken a response to my own feeling. It wasn't that you were not uniformly kind, but I have felt almost from the first that you did not truly love me. I planned many times to put the question to you, but when it came to the point the fear of a confirmation on your part sealed my lips. Uncertainty was better than that.

"These thoughts were uppermost as I hurried toward the station till the sound of my train leaving the junction two miles away caused me to increase my pace; that, and an aeroplane which I could see approaching over the town, drew my attention away from my personal gloomy concerns. Along the street every one was looking up at the big U. S. mail carrier, the hum of its engines clearly heard in the quiet morning air. I was now a short distance from the station and in plenty of time for my train. Every other sound was drowned in the roar of the Chicago express' approach at terrific speed from the opposite direction and which, of course, made no stop in our small town. A glance at the track set my heart to pounding as I saw little Elsie Bingham standing directly in the path of the express entirely absorbed in the big plane overhead, unconscious of her danger. If she was to be saved it was up to me. No one else was near enough. Even in that flash of time I thought of how I cared of what became of me. I took in the whole scene as though it were photographed. Elsie's straw hat, her bobbed, golden hair, the dainty white dress and short socks, her books swinging at the end of a strap—and then I was beside her.

"Perhaps my method was ill-judged; I might have gathered her in my arms and so sprung aside with her. Instead, acting on impulse, I threw her bodily ahead of me. She struck on the asphalt pavement and rolled toward the gutter, and then I, too, was somehow off the track, the great hissing engine and its train of Pullmans streaking by in a cloud of dust.

"I heard men shouting, two or three women screamed; every one was running toward the child, who was crying lustily and trying to rise. Assured by this that she was not badly hurt, and not wishing to be the center of compliment and congratulation for what I had done, I struck off down Clark street too shaken to think of my train or the appointment I had at the office. My legs were trembling under me and I finally sat down in the gutter. A high fence ran along back of me; the sun made dainty patterns on the walk as it filtered through the leaves of the big tree at my side; no one was in sight. The quiet and peace brought relief to my overwrought nerves.

"It must have been an hour or two before I stood in front of my own gate again. I pulled out my watch, but the crystal was broken and it had stopped at a quarter to nine—just a minute before my train time.

"You had seen me and came running out, tears in your eyes.

"'Oh, Joe,' you cried, as you threw your arms about my neck, 'they said——' and then you began weeping.

"'What did they say? Did they tell you about Elsie? Is she all right?'

"'Ye-es, sh-she's all right,' your speech broken by sobs.

"I led you into the house and we sat on the sofa in the living-room, you in my arms,

your head on my shoulder. When you had calmed sufficiently I heard of Elsie's bruises, and then you happened to look up into my face. Your mouth opened, you sat up straight, one hand went up to your breast. It seemed as though you couldn't speak for a moment, and your face turned suddenly white to the lips.

"'Oh, Joe! What is it? What has happened to you? Why didn't you tell me?'

"'It shook me up, dear—that's all. I was terribly excited. I'll be all right in a little while.'

"'But, Joe, dear—oh, my darling husband, you are so different. What is it? Do you feel able to go around to Dr. Paget? I'll go with you.'

"'Why, do I look so strange? I *do* feel queer! See, my watch is broken——' I rose to my feet.

"'You were about to go for your hat when the phone rang. It was your sister, Lucy.'

"'I'll go alone,' I said, and at once left the house.

"It was only a short walk to the doctor's, but when I rang the bell the maid who came to the door informed me that he was out on his round of morning calls.

"I walked back to the street and stood looking up at the house. Your words were ringing in my ears and I realized I was in an odd condition. I felt numb—distant from things—my heart seemed to have stopped beating. Instead of going home again I turned my steps toward the open country. And then a blank came. I was in the woods by a brook without any knowledge of my whereabouts. I had been passing a field of waving corn and now this unaccountable deep forest. I could only guess at the time and decided to return at once, but had lost all sense of direction. In vain I searched for a path. I wondered how I had made my way to so lonely a spot without being conscious of the obstacles as I now found a tangle of young trees and undergrowth that were difficult at times to penetrate. Even the brook which I followed for a short distance was rough going. When finally the wood had thinned and I had come to a poor, ill-kept road, my judgment was at fault and, until I reached a crossroads where there was a signpost which informed me of my location, I was completely lost.

"The setting sun was glowing red on the front of the house, the windows sending back dazzling reflections as I walked up the flower-bordered path. In spite of the glare I noticed the shades were down.

"In the library I found you sitting. You were dressed in black and were sobbing. I heard you murmur my name; you said endearing things about me that filled my heart with delirium. But why the black clothes? For some reason I turned to look through into the living-room where, in spite of lowered shades, a greenish, sickly light filtered through with sufficient strength for me to make out the black shape of a coffin supported by twin pedestals before the mantel. My momentary joy was turned to horror. What could it mean? There was my wife before me, alive and well. I hadn't the courage to go in and look. You did not seem conscious of my presence. I spoke—I called you by name, but apparently you did not hear me. Then I turned again toward the door I had just entered, stifled, desperate for the open air, the realization growing stronger that it was I—I, who lay in that horrible casket in the living-room!

"It was supper time, yet no thought of food or hunger concerned me. I looked at my hands—at my feet—my clothes—they seemed all right. Was this the way death left us—just walled off from life and those we loved yet conscious of it all? I had been a decent man, had led a clean life. I wondered if this could be a sort of hell and if it was to last thus forever. I wanted proof I no longer lived, positive, undeniable proof, and I wanted it at once.

"The railroad! Yes, that would be the way. The light was fading. Streaks of purple cloud lay along the western horizon, a thin, crescent moon just above in a clear, warm yellow sky. Lights were beginning to appear in windows. There was a steady hum of insects. I heard a dog bark. How natural it all seemed, just as it had always been, yet never so dear to me as now. And Sylvia loved me! If I had only known it before!

"At last I stood once more by the railroad track. I had quite a while to wait. Meanwhile the darkness grew; a chill came into the

air. But presently I heard the distant shriek of a whistle. The train would soon be coming. A few moments later the headlight was sending its rays along the glistening rails. I stepped out on the track determined to prove beyond question my physical or spiritual condition. If death had not already overtaken me by this means it surely would now. If my consciousness which seemed so normal was the state following life's cessation then I would be none the worse for the experiment. Shall I say I was frightened? Hardly that. So much evidence favored the latter view, the signs of death in my home, my wife's unconsciousness of my presence when I stood at her side, the strange experience of the wood. I only needed this test to end all doubt. From the steeple of the big brick church on Main street the hour was tolling, but ere the count was complete the roar and rattle of the approaching train had shut out its musical note. I felt the ground quiver under the monster of steel and iron that was bearing down on me and dazzling me with its brightness. The whistle shrilled again and I wondered if by any chance the engineer had seen me. I caught my breath and braced myself — how strange to be able to tell it. In an upright position, my hands clasped behind me, I was passing through the fire under the boiler—it was all about me, the glowing coals against my face, yet I was not burned. Next, the tender, with its store of fuel, black as Erebus and with a damp smell about it; the baggage car followed, my chin just above the level of the floor as it whirled by. Then the passenger coaches—I had a drab impression of the faces of the passengers in their seats on either side above me; one, two, three, four, five cars, and it was over and gone, dragging a cloud of pebbles in its wake, a gleam of red and green lights growing smaller, and I still standing on the track!

"I knew now. I was alone. The world took on a new meaning for me, but the fright and gloom were fading away. I began to know things that had been mystery and superstition to me before, still the old, human desire to test unproved conditions remained. I wanted to put my spiritual being to one more proof. I went to the Bingham house and entered, not by the front door, but, rising at will, passed through the nursery wall on the second floor. Elsie was in bed, a bandaged arm resting on the pillow, her mother in a rocker feeding the child beef broth and at the same time talking to her husband.

"'Joe certainly was a hero——'

"'Yes; and you'd never expect it of him. He struck me as lacking in self-confidence.'

"'Think what we owe him.' Mrs. Bingham bent forward and kissed her daughter, stroking her hair.

"'I often wondered if they were happy. She seemed so undemonstrative.'

"But I didn't linger to hear further discussion of our personal affairs. I was on my way back to my former home (it seemed strange to call it that), to be by you again, my darling sweetheart. Your mother was in the kitchen, but I found you in the library in the big cozy chair by the long table. A soft light spread over your hair and shoulders from the bronze Japanese lamp we bought on our wedding anniversary. I bent forward and rested my hand on your shoulder. You sat up and looked at me and I pressed my lips to yours. Then you spoke my name; you called me your heart of hearts.

"My time is almost up. Thank you for receiving my long message. In the few seconds remaining let me help the millions still closed in by life, unable to attain universal truth. There are three great points that are vital to the living—to happiness. The first of these is——"

At this point the burr of the new automatic wireless with its five hundred words a minute broke in and when it had ceased there was silence. We waited in vain. When I had walked over to the window and looked out, the aurora had died down to a curved glow in the north. I wondered if there was anything spiritual about it. Scientists have thought, theorized, guessed, but still it remains a mystery. Then I recurred to the new automatic message-sending; I wished it had not been invented for another month or two at least. Though it may be a valuable addition to the useful devices of man, think what it had cost us all this night—the unanswered questions of life.

(The third story of this series will appear in our next number.)

Cleverly Captured

By EMILY V. THOMPSON

THERE is no need to tell how quiet a city is early in the morning—that is to say, between the hours of twelve and seven o'clock. There are those homeless and hapless night prowlers abroad, it is true, but they shuffle by, known, yet unspoken to, by the heavily-booted policeman whose business it is to see that all is well with the darkened warehouses, to try locks and bolts, and from time to time to reach the end of his beat and to report anything out of the ordinary to his sergeant.

One dark night in November, Policeman Weale was on duty in Metropolitan street. It was the principal thoroughfare, and flanked with the best shops, but as is often the case, the arteries to this heart of wealth and affluence shook hands in a manner of speaking with poverty.

Weale was as stolid a man as ever took pride in his blue cloth and brass buttons. He was steady-going, sober, phlegmatic and as strong as an ox. He had never been known to lose his head, even under the most adverse circumstances, and many traps which had been laid for him had never been sprung.

This astute officer paced the street until he came to a jeweler's shop owned by Messrs. Sheen & Shimmer. There were several holes in the shutters and the gas was always alight between sunset and sunrise, so that the cop on night duty had no difficulty in casting his eyes around the place.

At half-past one Weale took three separate glances in at the shop, tested the fastenings of the revolving iron shutters, tried the side door round the corner and went his way. Now cops have a large experience with cats. He meets all sorts and sizes on his beat. The well-fed tabby mingles its music with the gaunt tom, homeless, starved and uncared-for, and it is therefore no wonder that the guardian of the night pays but little attention to any promiscuous operatic music that may be borne to his ears.

Metropolitan street had its share of feline Romeos and Juliets, and Policeman Weale was generally deaf to their voices; but on this particular early morning a cat-call of an unusual nature attracted his attention. It was like the cry of a cat with a violent cold in the head.

Weale whipped back the slide of his flash-light and the searching disc flashed thirty yards ahead; but the cop saw nothing, heard nothing, and plodded on to the end of his beat, where he found Sergeant Jandrews converting a lamp-post into a writing desk and scribbling away in his notebook.

"All well?" queried the sergeant.

"Yes, sir," replied Weale, saluting. "Not a creature about save a beastly cat with something the matter with its throat."

"Ah!" responded Sergeant Jandrews. "Let me think. You are relieved by special permission at two o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. I've got a wedding party on at my house to-morrow, and——"

"All right; by the time you have done another turn you will find me and the relief here."

The sergeant's stalwart form melted away into the darkness and Weale retraced his footsteps. All was well until he came to Sheen & Shimmer's, and then if ever a man's hair rose to the crown of his hat, it was Policeman Weale's.

The cases on the counter had been forced open, the windows stripped of chains, bracelets, gold watches and valuable trinkets, only a few silver watches having been left by the burglars, and the side door round the corner was wide open and swinging in the wind.

Weale blew his whistle as soon as he could find sufficient breath to sound it, and in less

than five minutes Sergeant Jandrews and two other cops came running up

"Don't tell me," said the sergeant; "you saw that all was right a quarter of an hour before you saw me. To clear such a place as this must have taken hours instead of minutes."

"I can't help it, sir," poor Weale gasped. "I tried the place and everything was fast. I'll swear it!"

"You may swear what you like, but you won't convince me," retorted the sergeant.

This short dialogue took place on the premises. No people slept in the house, the upper part being let out as offices to a firm of lawyers.

The burglary at Messrs, Sheen & Shimmer's had been committed by experienced hands. It was what the police call a "put-up job," and as mysterious a one as the detectives connected with the force had ever dealt with.

The windows and the counter cases were completely rifled of all portables, and the burglars had marched off with about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of valuables.

The newspapers devoted two columns to the affair in a special edition, and all sorts of rumors were set afloat.

Weale was questioned, cross-examined, bullied and badgered by his superiors, who, with all their wisdom, could arrive at no clue. The door had been forced in three separate places, there being three distinct locks, constructed on the most approved plan, and the detectives came to the conclusion that they must have been forced between the policeman's beats.

Weale, remembering the peculiar cat-cry he had heard, made certain that he had been watched, but he had examined every doorway and place where a man might hide, and was ready to swear that he had not seen a single individual or heard footsteps, save his own, for more than an hour previous to the moment of the discovery of the burglary.

Sheen & Shimmer were rich, and bore the loss with commendable calmness.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Sheen to the detectives, "that it will be useless to offer a reward. Stones are easily removed from settings; and once gold finds its way into the melting pot, who can identify it? No, gentlemen, my partner and I are of the opinion that our property has found its way to some fence and has passed through a dozen hands."

Next to the door so cleverly entered was a small house and store, occupied by a Mr. Lessmore, cheese and butter dealer. He was a man of small stature, and meek and mild of disposition. When he heard of the burglary his light blue eyes grew round with terror, and his scant stock of fluffy hair bristled as if disturbed by a sudden current of air.

"Bless my heart!" he cried; "what a mercy the wretches did not pay me a visit! I have never banked my small roll, but this will be a lesson to me."

This he said to a detective named Tooney, who called upon him the day after the robbery.

"Did you hear no sounds during the night?" the detective demanded.

"Not a whisper," Lessmore replied. "I woke up once in the night, and wished those howling brutes of cats were at the bottom of the East river!"

"Humph! There must have been at least one very clever cat with two legs among them. Let me see, Mr. Lessmore; you have not been long here?"

"Only six months. I came from Boston, and did well until a large firm started on the universal supply principle, and fairly settled my hash. If I had stayed in the place I should have found myself in the Bankruptcy Court!"

Tooney then left and walked straight back to the police station.

"Ask Boston headquarters," he said to the man in charge of the telegraph, "what they know of Andrew Lessmore."

The answer came back quickly: "Lived here twelve months. Quiet and respectable. Member of several societies. Attended church regularly, and received a gift from the minister when he left."

"That is not enough," said Tooney. "I want to know if anything particular happened during Lessmore's residence in Boston."

Click, click, went the instrument, and in a few moments came the reply:

"Burglary at Mrs. Jocelyn's. Two men arrested, tried, and sentenced. Shall we send full particulars?"

"No use," said Tooney. "Lessmore is what

he seems, and I cannot think what put it into my head to connect him with the case."

At that moment there passed into the office a dapper little man, who, the moment his name was mentioned, was received with profound respect. He was no other than Inspector Hunter.

Every note made in connection with the case was placed before him, and every scrap of intelligence was given him.

"Sheen & Shimmer may say what they like," he said, nibbling at his thumb-nail, "but I don't believe that the stolen jewelry is out of the place yet. What made you call on the butter man, Tooney?"

"Well, sir, I thought he might have heard people about. The jimmy was used on three separate occasions, and some noise must have been made when the locks gave way."

"Good! Was that your only reason?"

"I thought I'd look him up, sir, as he is a comparative stranger to the police."

"Good again. What sort of trade does he do?"

"A moderate one, I should say. He keeps only one assistant, and seems to be struggling to get a living."

Inspector Hunter smiled grimly.

"Some people struggle for their living in peculiar ways," he said. "Well, we will dismiss Mr. Lessmore. What about his assistant?"

"Then you know nothing about him?"

"Absolutely nothing, beyond that he seems to be very attentive to his work. I don't think that I ever saw him abroad save on Sunday."

"A very excellent character," remarked the inspector. "I begin to take quite an interest in this good young man and his no less praiseworthy master. A parcel is coming on for me. See that it is placed in the house, where I intended to sleep to-night."

About seven o'clock on the following morning Mr. Lessmore's assistant swept out the shop, burnished up the scales, washed and polished the marble counter, and then retired into the back room which was used as a kind of warehouse. Selecting a tub of butter, he became very busy with a pair of wooden pats, making up butter into pound and half-pound rolls. So busily was he engaged, indeed, that he started violently when he felt himself touched on the elbow. Looking round he saw a little man at his side. He wore a coat of antique cut, a soft felt hat, and blue spectacles set firmly upon the bridge of his wrinkled nose.

"What made you come through the shop?" demanded the assistant.

"I knocked three times without making you hear."

"Well, sir, what can I serve you with?"

"A pound of butter. Ah!" he said, "I see you have some remarkably fine Dutch cheeses up there. Would you mind letting me taste one or two?"

"I cannot recommend them, sir," replied the assistant. "They are of inferior quality, and Mr. Lessmore intends to send them back to the manufacturer."

"What rascals these foreign importers are!" observed the customer. "I wonder people are not poisoned wholesale. This butter is a foreign make, too?"

"Yes, sir. It is not the best quality, but it is cheap, and poor people buy it. Would you mind," he added, in a fidgety tone of voice, "walking back into the shop?"

"Certainly—oh, certainly. Well, I'll take a pound of the very best butter with me now, and call and select a cheese."

While the butter was being weighed and made into a neat parcel, the old gentleman sat on a stool and hummed to himself.

He paid with a five-dollar bill, counted his change carefully and bade the assistant a civil good-morning just as two policemen in uniform strolled up.

"A queer customer that," said Mr. Lessmore's assistant, walking to the door. "I have never noticed him before, and ever since that affair next to us I have been suspicious of all strangers."

"The poor old gentleman does not look as if he was up to cracking a crib," said one of the officers, laughing.

"You never can tell," rejoined the assistant, fingering his apron-strings nervously. "That monster in human form, Charles Peace, acted many an artful part. I have heard that he played sacred music on the violin and was well known for his love of dumb animals."

At that moment Andrew Lessmore entered the shop.

"Come, Chiston," said he, "bustle about! It is Saturday, you know, and we must make hay while the sun shines. Good-morning, officers. No news, I suppose?" jerking his thumb in the direction of the jeweler's shop.

"Not that I have heard."

"More's the pity," sighed Mr. Lessmore. "My wife has been so upset that I must try and find a little money to send her into the country for a change. Dear, dear! It is perfectly horrible to think that there are such crooks roaming about the country. A big burly fellow came and stared into my shop last night, and I declare he made me feel quite nervous."

The policemen passed on, and Lessmore and his assistant retired to the back room.

"Get out the case," said the proprietor, "pack it up and give notice to the express people to call on the midday round — the sooner the better."

"I should say evening would be the better time unless you want the case to hang about the railroad station half the day. The train for Buffalo does not start until nine, you know."

"Perhaps you are right," Lessmore replied. "Things get knocked about sometimes. That was a strange looking old gentleman you were talking to just now."

"Yes; and I did not like the looks of him."

"Neither did I."

Mr. Lessmore rubbed his brow vigorously as he spoke, and then lent a hand to his assistant to pack up the inferior cheeses. And very carefully they were packed, with straw between each layer and wisps tucked snugly in, to minimize the risk of damage.

"I think that will do," Lessmore observed. "Don't spare the nails, Chiston, and strike them well home."

Chiston did his work like a man well used to it, and then went to his breakfast.

By eleven o'clock the business was in full swing. People came to buy, to barter, haggle and squabble, as people will do, and so the day wore on until darkness began to set in and the streets became quiet and deserted. As the church clock was striking eight, an express wagon pulled up at the door of Lessmore's shop. The cases of cheeses were in the shop, and Lessmore and Chiston stood ready to help the truckman.

Their hands were on the bulky package when the early morning customer stumbled into the shop and coolly sat down upon it.

"Excuse me," he said, "a runaway horse has given me such a dreadful fright. Please let me remain here."

"As long as you like, but would you mind sitting in some other part of the shop?" Lessmore replied meekly. "Chiston, bring a chair."

"Thank you, I am very comfortable here," said the stranger.

"But, my dear sir," said Lessmore, "the expressman is waiting to take this case to the station."

"Ah," replied the old gentleman, "I see it is labeled for Rotterdam, and contains the cheeses your young man spoke about this morning."

"You are right, sir. I have done with that firm forever. It is shameful to attempt to swindle a poor man like myself."

"So it is—perfectly monstrous. Well, get along with your work. I am much better now."

The case was carried out into the street; but no sooner had it been placed on the pavement when a whistle sounded, and in a moment a dozen policemen appeared as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth.

Lessmore and Chiston were seized, and almost before they could comprehend what had happened they were handcuffed and pushed back into the store.

"Bring that case back. I expect we shall find some rich cheeses in it."

As the quaint little man spoke he whipped off his blue spectacles, pitched a hat and wig on the counter, and the features of Inspector Hunter were revealed.

Lessmore turned deadly pale, and Chiston, shuddering from head to foot, closed his eyes and appeared to faint.

"Open that case," said Hunter, "and be quick about it. To expedite matters, perhaps Lessmore, or whatever his real name may be, will tell us where he keeps the jimmies."

Lessmore made no reply. He looked down at his manacled hands and bit his bloodless under-lip.

A crowbar was procured, and in a few minutes the lid of the case was wrenched off and the topmost cheese handed to Hunter.

"A very excellent specimen of colored beeswax," said he. "Give me a knife."

A small, sharp one was handed to him, and he commenced operations, cutting carefully round the dummy cheese. Presently he came to the end of the wax, then to something hard, and suddenly the "cheese" parted in two, and, neatly packed in cotton wool and tissue-paper, there lay a portion of the stolen property.

"It's all up, so I suppose I may as well make a clean breast of it," said Lessmore.

"You may say what you like," Hunter responded; "but it is my duty to warn you that your words will be taken down, and given in evidence against you."

"Listen to me!" Chiston cried, hoarsely. "I have been led into this by that rascal. When I first came to him I was as honest a lad as ever breathed."

"You pitiful hound!" Lessmore snarled. "I picked you out of the gutter."

"To make a thief out of me."

"You'd better stop all this until you get to the station," Hunter said. "Take them away, and let Messrs Sheen & Shimmer know what we have found."

There is little more to tell. Lessmore had carried on systematic robberies of the most artful kind for years. His *modus operandi* was very simple. He moved about the country, looking out for a shop, handy to a house, containing rich booty, and after gaining a good character among the inhabitants, set to work.

If a mansion had to be looted, he gave information to expert burglars with whom he was in league, and so shared the plunder when they were successful. When they were caught and punished, they, after serving their sentences, came to Lessmore, who set them up in "business" again.

Sheen & Shimmer's was a job after the crook's own heart. Having made himself acquainted with the habits of the police on duty, he fixed his time, planted his assistant at a window to give him a signal when the cop had passed, and the rest, in expert hands as his, was easy.

The moment he had forced the door Chiston lent his aid, and the shop was despoiled of its treasures with magic-like rapidity.

Chiston offered to turn State's evidence, but was put on trial, with the result that he disappeared from the view of the general public for seven years, while the curtain of liberty descended on Lessmore for double that period.

It was a clever capture, and whatever reward Hunter received, he was not forgotten by Messrs. Sheen & Shimmer, who made him a present of a magnificent gold watch and chain, a ring for his finger, and a banknote to swell the contents of his purse.

THE ARCHIMEDEAN MONKEY

IF the brain of a monkey can discover the principle of the lever, how near akin is it to Archimedes? Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Gardens, certainly a well qualified student of animal life, both wild and domestic, is reported as fellows by a correspondent of the International News Service:

"One of the most interesting cases I can attest is that of an orang-outang in this zoo, that discovered the principle of the lever.

"The beast decided that it wanted to tear down the running bars of its cage.

"After studying the situation and experimenting, it ripped down the bar of its trapeze, and using the bar as a lever managed to tear down the running bars. Furthermore, finding its own strength insufficient at one point it called another orang-outang to help it.

"The orang-outang discovered for itself the principle of the lever just as truly as Archimedes discovered the principle of the screw.

"The majority of psychologists in studying animal psychology have access only to tame or domestic animals—the dog, the horse, the cat.

"But wild animals generally speaking are more intelligent than tame animals. This is natural because they are on their own resources to provide for themselves food and shelter and to preserve their lives.

The LITTLE CHAP FROM NOWHERE

by William Hamilton Osborne

AS we swung about the corner we saw his excellency—a bright patch of color against the dull background of our terrace steps. I am quite certain that I saw him first, though my Sister Jane has since claimed the honor, with my Sister Elizabeth a close second in the race. At first, be it said, we were not sure just what this bit of color might turn out to be, and we hastened, jaded though we were, to find out what we could. We came, we saw, and—his excellency conquered. There he was—a three-year-old with a wonderful stomach that stuck well out into the air, and a pair of legs that—well, it seemed to me then that he was more stomach than anything else. And his face——

"Though I think," I recall my Sister Jane saying some time later, "that he must be more than three years old."

And I recall further that I had opened his mouth and looked upon his teeth. "One, two, three, four, six, ten, twelve. Yes," I had assented, with a knowledgable shake of the head, "he must be in his teens at least."

"Ninny," Jane had returned, pulling my ear, "they get more teeth than one a year. He's three and a half or four."

However that may be, there he was, chasing a decapitated giant ant along the step and blocking his progress with little piles of dust, threatening the ant, ever and anon, with live entombment.

"How do you do, young sir," I ventured boldly and politely. "Are there any more at home like you?"

He turned upon us in an instant, glancing at the three of us in turn, with a smile of intelligence. Then he pointed to the discouraged ant and broke into a howl of glee.

"Eye-yah! Hi-yah! Ki-yah!" he exclaimed. I am not certain at this late date whether I have reproduced his exact language, but it seems to me that is what he said. There was something about his manner as he said it that enforced our immediate attention.

"Is he—laughing?" queried my Sister Elizabeth doubtfully.

I looked at Jane. She too was puzzled. "No," I answered, "he is not laughing, he is talking."

"What does he say?" ventured my Sister Jane. For answer I ascended to the porch, took out my latch key and opened the door. His excellency saw the act, immediately forsook the ant, and with a superabundance of gravity followed me into the house. I held the door open for him. I fancy I did it pretty well. I have often fancied since, that if ever I had children of my own, and had to hold the

door open for them, I would know just how to do it.

"Where do you come from, little boy?" I asked him. Again upon his face there appeared that look of intelligence, of complete understanding. He stepped back, and in answer to my question pointed with the forefinger of a youthful Bacchus to all points of the compass. And again he spoke—spoke in that unintelligible tongue; spoke in soft accents, pleasing to the ear, but weird—so very weird.

"Are you hungry?" I suggested; "would you like to partake of a bit of bologna, or a Welsh rabbit, or an oyster stew—or a fry?"

A low gentle laugh of pleasure sounded from his excellency — such a pleasant, good-natured, hungry laugh, but polite withall. And again he spoke.

"It's baby talk," I said, with a certainty that admitted of no denial; for I knew that we had all been puzled. But Jane shook her head.

"Never," she answered. "I know all about babies, and——

"Whose?" I inquired, resenting her air of superiority.

"Genevieve Heaton's," she answered, crushing me with facts. I yielded, but only after a fight.

"About one baby," I scornfully retorted.

"They're all alike," Elizabeth informed me. Elizabeth invariably sides with her sister. But it was not Jane and it was not Elizabeth who answered me in full. It was his excellency. He stood in the centre of our small parlor, gesticulating violently, and telling me, in his unknown tongue, that it was not baby talk, and that he was not a baby. I knew that he was saying it, because he was standing on tiptoe, and sticking out his little chest, or his big stomach—it's all one—even farther into the air, if possible, than before. He was incarnate protest.

"What does he say?" we all repeated. And then he told us all over again, with his tongue and his stomach and his hands.

"He's a little Dutchman," said Elizabeth.

But I, who am somewhat of a linguist on occasion, shook my head. "French," I answered; "look at his profile. Watch his gestures." I turned to him. "Polly voo frongsay," I ventured, through my nose; "commy ill fo. Commy voo portay voo. Wee. Wee."

Immediately he became, as to expression, unintelligent. He looked at me narrowly, as one who might think that my French was somewhat too Parisian. But he did not understand. That much was clear.

"Well," I went on, in an exasperated tone to Elizabeth, "you say he's a Dutchman. All right. Here goes." So I tried him on that, without hesitation. *"Habense ein kleine kanawba"*—I assure you that I can't speak like the Teutons, though I write it freely, as you see—*"mit ein kleine hatta kasane? Mine kleine kin."* You can translate it for yourself; I give it just as I spoke it. But the purity of my speech and the relevancy of my ideas did not move him. He was now watching the swaying of the white tablecloth on the table in the dining-room. He understood dining-rooms at any rate, and he had started out there, when I detained him gently.

"I'll try him on Latin," I told my sisters. I am a lawyer and am supposed by them to know Latin, at any rate, and as neither Jane nor Elizabeth ever studied it, you can see that Latin is my stronghold in my own household.

"Omnia Gallia in partes tres," I began boldly, speaking to the lad in a confidential tone, as though now we surely understood one another, "sic utere tuo, ut alienum—in pari delicto—cave canem—caveat emptor." The whole thing was a monumental failure.

"Isychrynes," I yelled at him as he swept us all toward that white table cloth, "Isychrynes, you glutton."

"What's that?" queried Jane, superciliously.

"Greek," I retorted, with a superiority that galled her, "the language that all children are supposed to understand—in Greece," I added to myself.

As he sat in that small dining-room, eating some of Jane's superb ginger cakes, and venting his satisfaction in vocal hieroglyphics, we tried upon him all the languages in the universe. Of course, without me this might have been impossible; but I flatter myself that, under the circumstances, we left nothing undone.

"Have you had enough?" I finally queried of the cherub, referring rather to the cakes than to the conversation. For answer he

grinned, reached out his wee arm, and—took another cake. And suddenly the force of the whole thing smote Jane with full effect.

"Why—why," she gasped, "he understands English perfectly, and yet he cannot speak a word of it. What does it mean?"

Elizabeth, not to be behindhand in discoveries, pushed up well to the front. "And," she remarked, "just look at his clothes."

We looked. Hitherto we had been so dazzled by his personal attractions as a whole that we had not picked him to pieces in detail. Now we looked him over with the eyes of connoisseurs—and I think that we shall know how to handle the next child that comes our way.

"Look at his cap," said Jane. We looked. It was a little bit of a round cap—of all colors, and made of silk. Elizabeth and Jane inspected it critically.

"We don't understand this cap," they told me, "it's much too foreign for anything."

"And so is this," I said, referring to the garment that, beside his stomach, seemed to compose the bulk of his make-up, "this is heathenish, but fascinating." It was not a dress and it was not a suit of clothes. It was made of blue material—silk and linen, so the girls said, and that seemed to puzzle them—and it had arms and legs that were not arms and legs, it seemed so full.

"Ninny," said Elizabeth, "that isn't foreign, except as to its material. And it isn't a that, it's a those. Those," she added, "are the only American things about him. They're rompers."

"Rompers," I said, sniffing, "and where have you seen rompers?"

"Well," she came back with asperity, "if Genevieve Heaton's baby——"

"Enough," I answered, "if Genevieve Heaton's baby wears them, I have nothing to say. But I'll wager that her rompers are not as nice as ours, no," I went on, wrathfully, "nor her baby, either."

Rompers. Well, I don't know. But if I had the making up of children's styles, I'm quite sure that I would make rompers the full uniform, the dress parade for infants. Rompers, in my opinion, are the only things that make children really seem like the children that you read about.

"Rompers for mine," I sighed. And his excellency, with his brown eyes and his fair hair, and his tummy full of ginger cakes, told me, by gesture and by uttered pyrotechnic, that, upon that subject, he agreed with me.

"And now," said my sisters, "it's time that he went home."

We told ourselves that if we were not merely denizens in the neighborhood we would know all about this infant, and could tell just where he lived. But we were sojourners and nothing more. And the time has come, perhaps, for me to state that my Sister Jane and my Sister Elizabeth, being, as they were, stenographers, and I, being as I was and am, a lawyer, belong, the three of us, over in the Borough of Manhattan. Nine months of the year we live there. Three months we reside in Jersey. Not in the country; not in the city. But on the lakes of Essex County. I won't tell you where, but I think you will agree with me that life facing a great green park and a blue lake, with boats and five o'clock a. m. fresh-water baths, with the trolley only half a minute away, an ice-cream saloon only around the corner, and the Green Store, the Emporium, and three theatres within ten minutes of our place, and all of them open all the year around—and all for $15 per month rent, and in New Jersey—cannot be beaten. I won't tell you just where it is, and it wouldn't do you any good anyhow, for we've rented the little house again for the next season for the same rent and you can't get it. However, that explains why we don't know everything about the place we live in, and why we didn't know the history and the geography of our friend his excellency, with his low-voiced chatter and his appreciation of our fare. It was Saturday evening, and by half-past eight that evening we had not located his place of residence. This gave him no concern, and I am afraid we were quite glad of it. However, I made a fool of myself running into the neighboring houses and making inquiries. I started at the place next-door.

"I've got your little boy," I told the genial German who sat smoking his pipe in another of the $15 houses on our left. He looked sleepily over at a youth some six feet tall who sat with stocking feet cocked up upon the mantel.

"He ain't so little either," said the German,

glancing with pride at the big frame of the youth; "you'd better come again."

I tried the next house. "I've got your little boy," I remarked, persuasively, to a discouraged-looking man who sat under a table lamp in the midst of femininity.

"I wish you had," he said querulously; "I been married eighteen years and we ain't never had nothin' yet but girls." He looked at his wife with mild reproach as he said it. I retreated without stopping to argue the matter with him. I felt that somehow I was not the man for the job of finding out the home of my young friend. I returned. His excellency was evincing signs of drowsiness.

"We've got to keep him all night," my sisters said, having evidently discussed the situation in my absence, "and he hasn't any nighty." Somehow or other, in every crisis a man arises. I was that man. I had bought, foolishly enough, early in the season at three for a dollar (a pleasant, though ill-advised form of economy), some undershirts. That portion of them which still remained was shrunk to wonderful proportions—reasoning inversely. I produced one of them, murmuring audibly that they were some I had had five years ago—for my bargains do not stand approved by my female relatives. And I put one of them on his excellency. We rolled up the sleeves—he rolled the right arm while I rolled the left. And—well, if I ever have a boy, next to rompers, I think that I should like to see him in a thirty-three cent torn and shrunken undershirt—for a nighty. He was sublime.

"Now," said my Sister Jane, "we'll have to put him in with you."

Putting him into the bed, however, was quite another thing. He felt evidently that he ought to celebrate the acquisition of this new kind of nighty, and he started in. He held high carnival. And one thing I am glad to mention, and that is, that during all the time we had him his nose didn't run. I think that I would have turned him away, when we first saw him, if his nose had run. But he was just the brightest, cleanest little chap.

"Well," said Jane finally, "he's got to get some sleep, and so have the rest of us. We'll leave him now to you."

Half an hour passed. Finally the girls knocked on my door. "What," they inquired, "is that unearthly noise?"

"Noise," I asked, "what noise?"

"In your room," they persisted.

"There's no noise," I answered, "I am only singing him to sleep."

"Oh," they answered, "that's the noise, is it?" They started away and I could hear them coming back again. "Singing him to sleep," they said uncertainly.

"Yes."

"Oh." But I didn't care. He liked it. And he kept me company for a while, crooning out his little melodies in his faraway tongue. For a long while I rocked him, and he went to sleep. Then I laid him down, and immediately he woke up. Then I rocked him more and he slept more, and I laid him down more, and he woke up more. I saw that I had made a fatal mistake. He was a trickster, was this lad, with a keen insight into my good-natured temperament. He understood apparently that I knew how to rock little boys, and he determined to put me to the test. It was three o'clock when I crawled, cautiously, into bed. I woke frequently, because, even in my sleep I tried hard not to snore. I didn't want to wake him. Sleep is a blessing any time, but especially is it so after a man has earned it by the sweat of his brow and the creak of the rocking-chair.

The next morning, so it seemed to me, pandemonium had broken loose within the house. His excellency broke forth into all kinds and varieties of glee and glow. I think probably he was getting steam up—getting his hand in, as it were, for the long day ahead of him.

"Stop, you rascal," I said to him, as he ran to and fro upon the edge of the bed in imminent danger of falling off, "don't you know, you heathen, that it's Sunday?"

Sunday! It seemed to strike him all of a heap. He stopped in a flash, and jabbered out something in his foreign little way—something by way of abject apology, I could see. And then he went, of his own accord, and stood in a corner, with his face to the wall. He knew Sunday at any rate.

What did it mean—who was he—what was he? What was the secret of the solution of this mystery—what meant the intelligence of this unintelligible enigma, after all?

At breakfast that morning Jane pointed to the local Sunday paper.

"We never thought," she said; "look at the Personals—the Lost and Found. Perhaps——"

I looked and read: "Stolen. The party who took lady's furs at bricklayers ball last night must bring them back, as they are known, and will be took up otherwise. X. Y. this office."

"That isn't quite the thing," I said.

"James J.," I went on, "come back. Will not prosecute."

"Nor that," I commented.

"George—Come home and sign pledge. Mother dying. All forgiven."

"That," I suggested, looking hard at his excellency and remembering his intemperance in ginger cakes of the night before, "that is more like it."

"J. J. K.—Could not meet you Saturday. Come Monday night.—Lou."

"That is quite damaging," ventured Elizabeth, "but are there any more?"

There were none that seemed to fit the case. We were nonplussed. We knew, severally and individually, that we might just as well look for a needle in a haystack as to find this boy's home in the big city of which we were but an atom of the aggregation. And the mystery kept it up—his musical conversation with us—assuming evidently that we knew quite as well as he did just what he was talking about. And as I listened an idea was driven home.

"Girls," I ventured, "his is the language of sounds, not words. Look at his lips. Then look at mine. You see the difference?"

For once I was right. They assented, too. "The language of sounds," they said vaguely. But out of the chaos I brought cosmos; I resolved immediately the abstract in the concrete. I seized my hat, sped out the front door and down the street toward the trolley tracks. Half-way up the block I saw what I was after. It was the little Chinese laundry, and its little Chinese owner.

Though the day was Sunday, the laundry door stood open and I entered and pressed into the rear room.

"Hello, John," I said familiarly to the elder of two young Chinamen who stood there. His name was Wing Shee, or at least so said his laundry window, but to me all Chinamen are Johns.

"Hello, John," I said again.

"Henlo," he returned with a friendly smile.

"John," I said, producing a quarter, "there's a little kid up at my house, just around the corner. I want you to come and talk to him. Here goes."

He took the quarter and bit it. He nodded. Then he glanced uncertainly at his everyday clothes and looked at me.

"Nany big gels nare?" he asked. I informed him that my two sisters were there, whereupon he darted into an inside room and returned an instant later, clothed in his holiday embroidered coat. Before we started off, Wing Shee stood by my side and, with his hands folded meekly across his fashionable garment, spoke in his native tongue to his young servant; spoke in the language of sounds.

"N-lung," he said, or so it seemed to me, "g-lum. Low-lang. Ling-lung. Ping-pong. Kow-tow. Good by."

I know that those are not the sounds he made, but I come as near as possible to it. His young assistant grinned and I know well what Wing Shee had told him.

"Here is a white devil," I am sure he had said, "who gives me twenty-five cents for doing nothing. I am going to do it. I shall be right back. If anybody comes in for change see to it that our supply of lead nickels and plugged tenners accordingly diminishes. Take care of the shop while I am gone. Ta-ta."

"Here's the chap," I said to Wing Shee, as he and I stood in the hallway of our little cottage, looking at his excellency of the rompers and the be-jammed face, as he stood in the little parlor with my sisters forming a background.

"Big gels," said Wing Shee pleasantly, with a Sunday smile, and sweeping off his hat and bowing low, "en lil bloy."

"Talk to him Chinee," I commanded. Wing Shee obeyed. He stooped down and in low, soft, seductive accents, sang what to my ears seemed a lullaby of sounds. But at the very first utterance my heart sank. For the boy was not behindhand. He too entered with spirit into the conversation, but not with the voice sounds of Wing Shee. I could see from the expression of each that neither understood the

other. It seemed to me as we all stood there, and it seems to me now, that the impression made upon me was that the youngster's sounds were more of the hi-ki order, while those of Wing Shee belonged to the glung-klung class. Both were soft-voiced, low-voiced; both pleasant, but they were not the same. And Wing Shee saw it, of course, before we did.

"Lil boy," he told us, "Ger-mann. Neyetal-yann. No China-man. No lil China-man. Him Ger-mann."

"Don't you know what he says?" I asked the boy, gesturing the while toward the amiable Wing Shee. He of the wonderful rompers violently shook his head and volubly remonstrated with me, apparently, for bringing into his presence this, to him, objectionable Oriental. I rescued Wing Shee just as my young friend was making a furtive dive with a view to obtaining possession of the end of Wing Shee's holiday pigtail.

"I keep the mlo-nee," announced Wing Shee with a business-like grin, making an anatomical investigation to ascertain the safety of the quarter I had given him. "So long. So long, lil Ger-mann bloy." He went—Wing Shee, our last hope.

"Perhaps," ventured Eliabeth, "they speak a different kind of Chinese. Perhaps if Wing Shee were an old scholar—or if the boy were only——" But it was of no use to speculate—the mystery was one which was beyond us.

It was actually Monday morning—Labor Day—before we came to our senses. I give my Sister Elizabeth credit for uttering the open-sesame to the sealed enigma in the presence of which we stood.

"What fools we are," she exclaimed at breakfast, "we never went to the police."

"The police," I returned, "what do they know about languages?" For it is not like myself to accept every suggestion that wafts in upon me from the lips of others. "The police forsooth."

"True," said Jane, in apologetic defence of Elizabeth, "they may know nothing of languages, but sometimes people who have lost their children go to the police." It was a facer, but I took it like a man.

"It is well," I answered calmly, "I, who have found one, will go to the police."

I went. "Well, why in thunder," yelled the sergeant of police to me when I had reached the station house and told my story, "why in thunder didn't youse say so before? They've been lookin' for the kid for two whole days. And youse——"

He broke off and seized his telephone. "But who——" I began, for I wanted to know.

"None of your lip now," he returned; "you go on back to your little eight by ten, and if they're not there before you, I'll be much surprised." This, at least, was language that I understood.

Back I sped, and I'm glad to say that I reached there five minutes ahead of "them." I had barely hung up my hat and smoothed my ruffled feelings when they came. And we were ready for them.

Who were they? Nobody in particular, save two tired-looking intelligent American people—young and very anxious.

The young man looked upon a slip of paper, then at our number, and they tripped nimbly up the steps.

"Is there a little boy——" they started in; but they did not finish. For they had not only seen, but had been seen. And there behind us, standing in a corner, with his face to the wall, stood his excellency in rompers. He had caught first sight of them. He knew. He was doing penance. The young woman ran to the corner and caught him up in her arms and kissed him.

"Billy, Billy, Billy," she cried.

"Billy, boy," said the young man, "where have you been? What have you been doing?"

My friend in rompers searched with care the faces of his two parents, and seeing nothing there but abjection pure and simple, he recovered his usual good nature and laughed aloud with joy.

"Mom-mee," he yelled, squeezing his mother's cheeks with both hands and kissing her full upon the lips, "nice, fat little mom-mee."

He slid to the ground, crossed to his father, and clambered upon that gentleman's arms. "Pop-pee," he screamed, "big, thin, skinny pop-pee. What a lovely pop-pee." He wriggled to the floor again, and ran round and round the room. He pointed to us, my sisters and myself, as we stood in a group together: "See um, mom-mee. See um. The gingercake people. See um. Oh! Oh!"

And then Jane suddenly made herself heard. "Why—why," she gasped, "he's been talking English right along. What does it mean?"

But the boy had the center of the stage. "Look at their noses, pop-pee," he exclaimed, referring, I am afraid, to the somewhat large olfactory organs of myself and sisters. We have indeed what is known as the Albright nose, a nose that has come down for centuries to us. The Albrights were my mother's family. I have always thought that it was a good nose—for the sixteenth century, perhaps. But now—"Look at his nose, mom-mee. Look at her nose. Look at all their noses." He stopped suddenly, and approached me gingerly from the front. "Look at me do this, pop-pee," he continued. "This" was a direct assault by means of his feet upon my shins. He did it with a matter-of-fact air as though he had been doing it ever since he had come into the house. His mother, who concluded that he had said and done enough, darted forward and caught him up and whispered into his ear. I heard what she said, and she said it in a young motherly way that I liked to hear.

"It's awful, Billy boy," she said, "to do such things. You must go and tell him that you're sorry for it. Yes. Right away."

With a crestfallen face, the youngster again slipped to the floor, again approached me, and looking into my face, talked earnestly to me, but not in English. I waited until he was through, then I turned to his parents.

"We cannot wait a minute longer," I said eagerly, "we must know, and at once, why his —his majesty understands English, why he speaks English to you; why he talks—er—Choctaw to the rest of us."

The faces of the two were no longer tired. They each laughed little low laughs, something like the gentle laugh of the boy when he was at his gentlest.

"First," said the young mother, "it is a habit of his to run away—only, where we have been for the last few years, everybody knew him, and everybody would bring him home. We would always know that before night he would come back. We would only ask people if they had seen a child with American rompers on, and they all had, and—and—it was all right."

"Here," volunteered her husband, "it is all wrong, for *nobody* knows him, and we *cannot* find him. But *he* keeps it up."

"He's very good, usually," went on the mother, after the manner of young mothers, "and on Sunday he's an angel. *Always.*"

"Will you please tell us——" I began.

"Yes, I *will,*" she returned. "I shall tell you all about it. Ever since before Billy was born, we have lived, my husband and I, where *we* talked English and where *no* one else did. And the boy, when *he* talked to us, talked always in our mother tongue——"

"And when," interposed the young husband, "when he talked to anybody else, he found that to make himself understood, he must talk in another tongue. And the habit stuck to him. And when we came back home, to visit my mother here in town (only six blocks away from here), he kept it up. He talked to us in English. To my mother and everybody else he did not. You see, he is too small to distinguish what he hears. He doesn't understand that you talk to him in English —he cannot reason about that. All that he knows is that to us he *talks* English, and to everybody else he does not. No matter *what* he hears. It's funny, but it's very, very true."

"I know," I returned, tripping on his heels with my question, "but what language is it that he talks?"

The young man pulled from his pocket a small bit of pasteboard. "My name," he said, passing it over, "is William J. Thompson. My wife and I," he added, are American missionaries in the country of—*Japan.*"

For an hour and a half after they had gone, I sat thinking about them—about Billy, the enigma in rompers. And I thought, and wondered, and wished, and——

My sisters came in from the next room. "If we only didn't have these ugly Albright noses," I ventured, eyeing Jane's and then Elizabeth's, "perhaps we, too, might have——"

My Sister Elizabeth sniffed slightly but audibly, and swept into the dining-room.

"Dinner is *served,"* she said with emphasis.

At any rate, we had solved the mystery. "Murder cannot be hid long," says Launcelot Gobbo; "a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out."

Evenings, now, I go out into the park and think about it.

The Hand of Brass

By GEORGE W. POST

I AM an invalid. This disposes me, perhaps, to take undue notice of trifles.

I had passed up Coriot street at least fifty times in my carriage on my way to Mount Royal. The first time I said to myself:

"This Coriot street in the oddest street I have ever seen."

There were no people on it. Nobody lived there. Never had I encountered a soul in all its long, silent length.

With all my observation I really noted but a single side of this strange street. Every door, every window, every short flight of stone steps stamped themselves on my brain.

But the object which most strongly attracted my fancy from the first was a certain knocker of the house numbered 44.

The neighborhood, I should not neglect to say, had been the quarter of Montreal first settled. The knocker I allude to as having attracted my attention was of brass, and was cast of the size and in the exact shape of a human hand.

One day I remarked to my husband:

"Jacques, what a very queer street is Coriot street."

"Coriot street?" he echoed.

"Yes."

"I never heard of it."

"You surprise me. It is well worth a visit. It crosses Lascelles and Monarque streets."

"Ah, dearest, I do not know that quarter. I will return that way to-morrow."

So saying, my husband laid his hand gently on my hair and caressed me. I also told him all about the queer brass knocker.

The next afternoon, on my return from my drive, my poor mother met me at the door.

"Hush!" she said. "Bertha, can you be brave?"

"What has happened?"

"Promise me to bear it?"

"I promise."

"Well, your husband is very ill."

"Take me to him."

"Not now; you must wait. Meanwhile, be calm."

"I am calm now; but I must see him."

"You cannot—he is dead."

I broke from my mother's embraces and sought poor Jacques.

I found him lying on a couch surrounded by three or four strangers. One I was told was a coroner; another was an officer of police.

"Good God!" I cried, flinging myself upon the corpse.

They raised me gently.

"Bertha, you are not strong," said my mother; "you will kill yourself with this emotion."

I became nerved immediately.

"I am ready now to hear how this happened," I said, with an enforced calmness. "How did my husband die?"

"The physician, madam," began the police officer, "states that it is a case of heart disease. Your husband was attacked while walking along Coriot street——"

"Coriot street!"

"And reeling fell to the pavement or on to the first step of one of the houses, where he was found."

This terrible affliction caused me to be taken with a relapse. Although convalescent at the time of Jacques' sudden death, I again took to my bed, and did not leave it for nearly two months!

When at length I was able to take my customary drive I shuddered at the thought of Coriot street. Yet, so much are we attracted by things which should repel us, when Baptiste asked if he should pursue the old route, I replied: "Yes."

Once more I sat on the right-hand side of the carriage, and again my glances fell on the south side of the grim thoroughfare where children's voices were never heard. All was silent as the tomb.

While I stared, as we passed it, at the brass knocker, a sudden thought flashed across me. Where had the body of my husband been found? I did not know—I guessed. On my way back I stopped at the police station and made inquiries.

"On the lower step of No. 44."

My brain reeled. Jacques, then, had been stricken down in front of the weird house with the brass knocker I had so often noticed. I had been describing it to him the evening before. He had gone to see it for himself, and before reaching the door had met with his death.

I did not go out again for several days, but such strange fancies took possession of me, and my curiosity grew so great, that at last I determined to send one of my servants to discover who it was resided at the mysterious No. 44. I sent Baptiste, the coachman.

As an invalid of long standing I am superstitious. As the coachman did not return in two hours, I said to my mother:

"He is dead."

"Nonsense," said my mother. She fancied I raved; yet in two hours more the coachman was brought into the house—a corpse.

The strangest part of it was there was no way of accounting for his sudden decease. Neither was there any mark or wound upon him. The coroner's jury said that he, too, died from heart disease.

He had been found with life extinct, on the second step of the house No. 44 Coriot street.

Scarcely had I recovered from this shock when one of the unfortunate coachman's relatives called upon me. She declared that Baptiste had been assassinated.

"Do you know how he died?" I asked calmly.

"No."

"Or where?"

"No; they did not tell me even that."

"Then," said I, "go to No. 44 Coriot street; perhaps they can tell you."

These directions proved fatal. I felt I had assassinated the woman as surely as though I had driven a knife into her heart. She was found lifeless on the third stone step of the house.

The suspicions of the police were aroused. The police officer who had found my husband called upon me, and I told him all my own conjectures. The officer was astounded.

"Do you think these people have been murdered? It is a most blood-curdling affair. There are no marks of violence. I will go myself."

"Go," said I; "but remember not to touch that hand of brass. I dreamed last night it had power to move and strangle its victims."

The officer looked at me narrowly. He smiled, but promised not to touch the brass knocker. He was accompanied by three others of the police. They knocked, each with his baton, on the door. As nobody responded they broke in the door.

When it yielded all four were precipitated downward into an open cellar. They scrambled to their feet and looked about them.

Instead of being inside a house they found themselves in a wide, open space.

The house had disappeared. No. 44 Coriot street was merely an outer wall. Not a brick or a beam of the house, except such as were necessary to preserve the outer wall, was left standing.

When the police examined the bolts of the brass knocker, which passed through the door, the mystery was explained. A broken electric wire from a nearby power house was in contact with the knocker bolts, and charged it with a deadly current.

Whoever grasped it and at the same time stepped upon the iron mat completed a circuit which launched its victim into eternity.

The BLUNDER of LAVENDER BILL

by Joseph Tozzi

CHAPTER ONE

"I HAVE lost twelve thousand dollars in diamonds," repeated Beverly Coles.

Bunk McGann lighted a cigarette, inhaled, and forced two feathers of smoke through his freckled nose. "Aside from that you're all right, ain't yuh?" he queried indifferently.

Coles stiffened. "It's not a matter to joke about," he said.

"Well, if you don't like it, go somewhere else," suggested Dan McGann, as listlessly as his brother. "We didn't send for you, did we?"

"I came because my partner has heard of your achievements and strongly recommended you. I wanted to go to the police, but he said that while you were irregular deputy sheriffs——"

"Irregular is right!" conceded Bunk.

"——you had done some fine work."

"You want us to handle your case, then?" demanded Bunk.

"Yes."

"Drop this 'Me good fellah' stuff and let's get down to business. You can't hand us anything, see? We don't have to stand for it."

"I meant no offense——" began Coles, puzzled and resentful that these ordinary persons, with their rough clothing, broad, coarse faces and red hair, should deny his moral, mental and financial superiority.

"Well, get rid of the idea you're doin' us a favor by talkin' to us," broke in Dan pointedly, "because you ain't. Where was the sparklers when they was hooked?"

"In the safe at my house."

"Did they blow the safe?"

"No; either the safe was accidentally left unlocked or the thief knew the combination."

"Or else he listened to the tumblers fallin'," supplemented Bunk. "House broke into?"

"No."

"Well, we better go down and look it over," said Dan, rising. "You haven't said much?"

"Except to my wife and business partner. It was Mrs. Coles who discovered the robbery. She locked her jewelry in the safe last night. When she went to get it this morning it was gone."

"Well, we're decorators, figurin' on doin' your place all over, see? That'll give us a chance to get around and pipe the bunch. And we don't want to know who you suspect—yet."

"I don't know whom to suspect," confessed Coles as he passed out the dingy office. He

hailed a taxi, and they were driven to his home.

The trio went from the top to the bottom of the handsome Coles mansion, measuring the walls and figuring. In this way every servant came under the closest scrutiny.

From the basement a tunnel led to the garage, and by means of it they came unexpectedly into the presence of the chauffeur, Gordon, a dependable-looking, middle-aged man.

With scarcely a glance at him, Bunk turned away.

"Well?" demanded Coles, when he had led the way back to his library.

The McGanns consulted with puzzled glances, then shook their heads. "Nothin' doin'," announced Dan, searching through the pockets of his checked suit for the "mankin's"; "no one I've seen has pulled this off. Most of 'em wouldn't, and the rest ain't got the brains."

"Have we seen 'em all, Coles?" asked Bunk.

"Yes—that is, practically all. There's the second chauffeur. But he's out of the question. He isn't the sort of fellow you would associate with a daring theft like this. All he thinks of is baseball."

"Huh!" grunted Dan thoughtfully. "Who is he, and what does he look like?"

"Name's William Smith; been with us a year. He's rather a tall chap, with blond hair, and a gold tooth in front. Has great fondness for lavender — wears lavender ties and socks——"

He stopped in amazement, for the McGanns had bounced out of their chairs and cried together:

"Lavender Bill!"

Dan added:

"He's got yer di'monds."

CHAPTER TWO

THINGS began moving. The McCanns returned to the garage, Coles at their heels. They prodded Gordon with questions, learning among other things that his assistant was in his room in the upper story of the garage. Thereupon they crept up the stairs and tried the door of the Lavender One's room. It was unlocked, and the two deputies projected their burly frames inside with a suddenness that startled the occupant.

As the tall, wiry Smith rose from the bed on which he had been sitting he greeted the brothers with an oath. Dan promptly grabbed him. They scuffled about the narrow room. Bunk looked on with apparent unconcern until a chance came to trip the chauffeur. This he did deftly, and the Lavender One came down with a crash that knocked the breath out of him.

"Lemme up!" he snarled, with a series of terrifying oaths, as soon as he could get his wind. "Whatcha want with me, you boneheads?"

The McGanns made no reply. Dan sat on the prostrate man's chest and searched his pockets, while Bunk ripped up the room with the thoroughness of a cyclone. Every spot where a pin could have been hidden was laid open, but without result. No diamonds were found. As for Mr. Coles, he stood in the doorway, looking pained. He avoided meeting the eye of his abused second chauffeur.

Bunk rubbed a blocky chin in perplexity when the search was completed. Then he walked over to where his brother was still gravely sitting astride of Lavender Bill. He prodded the chauffeur smartly with his toe.

"Say, Lavender," he demanded, "where's th' 'ice'?"

"G'wan!" growled Lavender; "I ain't seen no 'ice'." And he outdid his former efforts in bad language.

The deputy turned to a capacious leather bag, which he had previously examined, and emptied its contents on the floor. There was a white baseball uniform with red trimmings, the words "East Side Giants" printed in irregular letters across the front of the shirt; a half-dozen balls, all showing evidence of more or less usage, and a mitt.

Squatting over these articles, Bunk looked at Lavender Bill speculatively. The chauffeur read his thought and grinned sardonically: "Who's lost any 'ice', Mr. Coles?"

"I've lost twelve thousand dollars' worth of diamonds," replied Coles after a moment's hesitation.

Lavender whistled in astonishment.

"That's why these strong-arms are maulin'

me!" he said, as if he had made a momentous discovery.

The search was abandoned and Lavender allowed to rise. He brushed his clothes nonchalantly, repacked his grip, cursed the McGanns and left. He had previously applied for a half-day off, explained Coles, and this had been granted.

The brothers made no attempt to stop him, but fell in behind. They did not shadow—they simply followed him. Smith ran for a car before he had gone three blocks. He caught it on the move, despite his encumbering bag. They also sprinted and swung aboard. Downtown he jumped off without a glance at them and dived into a cheap restaurant. The deputies forced their way to seats at the same table. Lavender swore at them roundly, the oaths punctuating his order to the burly male waiter. He ate heartily; so did they.

There was a little diversion at the end of the meal. Lavender attempted to walk out without paying. He was stopped by the hard-faced proprietor and declared in injured tones that he supposed his "friends" were going to pay; they had invited him in there! The McGanns grinned appreciatively and paid the bill.

Outside again, Smith stood for a moment, enjoying life. He stretched under the bright June sun; sniffed at the air which somehow hinted of the perfume of flowers, even in this squalid waste of brick and stone and hurrying thousands, and whistled the latest popular air. Then he boarded a car.

The hour that followed was not a pleasant one for the McGanns. Their quarry made one attempt to escape them. In an ordinary person, the clever way in which he dodged from car to car would have been convincing. But he was capable of smoother tricks; and, besides, he fairly laughed in their faces when they were again at his elbow after a flying transfer. It appeared that he really did not care to lose them; sure of his position, he was having a little fun at their expense.

"That laddie-buck has an ace in the hole," commented Dan.

"But he snagged the sparks," returned Bunk. "And he hasn't had time to get rid of 'em."

CHAPTER THREE

LAVENDER BILL'S destination proved to be the baseball grounds on the dumps. It was more ambitious than the ordinary sandlot ball grounds. It had been fenced, and an admission was charged. A motley crowd of young toughs had assembled for the game between the "East Side Giants" and "Paddy Slavin's Tigers," and they greeted Smith with a roar. His escort, equally well known to every person present, aroused a storm of jeers and catcalls. They paid no attention to this display of hostility. That was part of their day's work. They were at the chauffeur's elbow when he donned his uniform and strutted onto the field with the bag.

The McGanns settled themselves on the "Giants'" bench. The chauffeur set the bag down a short distance away, selected a ball from it, and began batting flies to the outfield, his team having gone out for practice. A substitute covered Lavender's own place on first.

"Ferret Sweers in left," said Bunk.

"Got my eye on him," returned his brother. The Ferret was a clever young crook, a friend of Lavender. At sight of him the deputies began to take an interest in things. The Ferret's presence was significant; the chances to "get something on" Smith were brighter.

Lavender Bill paid a lot of attention to his friend. Yet scarcely a ball hit to the scrubby Sweers was in reach. Most of them went over his head, almost to the fence. Finally he lost one in the tall grass, and was some time finding it. When it finally came in, Lavender Bill grunted with disgust; the ball was ripped. He tossed it into the grip and selected another.

They seemed to be a poor lot of balls. Three times ripped ones were exchanged. When, after another muff by Sweers, the recovered sphere came bounding in, Bunk, who had risen to swing a likely-looking bat, intercepted it. He made a pickup, and remarking, "Ripped again, Lavender," tossed the ball to Smith. Then he lounged over to the bag, secured another one, and rolled it to the batsman.

With barely a glance at the ripped ball, Lavender accepted the one in its place and hit it out. Then he looked sharply at the McGanns. Bunk yawned, stretched, rolled a cigarette and slumped down on the bench again.

He slid forward until he was resting on his spine. He drew his hat over his eyes, as if to shut out the glare of the sun. When the suspicious Lavender turned all his attention to batting flies again, Bunk said, guardedly: "Keno! I got it! Goin' out pretty soon to get a cop; they may make a fuss when we pinch Bill. See that hole in the fence back of Ferret? When I flash a handkerchief there, get up and take the bat away from Lavender. Hit one over the fence for Sweers to chase."

"Yuh don't want much!" objected Dan.

"It's easy. Ferret won't come back when you do it—I'll take care o' him. When Lavender starts to look for his pal, let him go. The cop'll be waitin'. In case o' doubt, you snag the bag when he fades and follow him."

Bunk rose and began lounging away. As he passed Lavender he whirled suddenly and hit the batsman in the ribs with a short-arm jab that all but lifted the lanky Smith from his feet. Lavender, recovering his balance, struck savagely at McGann with his club, but the deputy evaded the blow. The spectators howled threateningly and began scrambling off the bleachers.

The deputy did not so much as look at them, but continued his languid pace to the gates. Lavender Bill looked after him, as if contemplating an assault with the club. Then he laughed jeeringly and returned to his batting. Seeing that their idol was not desirous of revenge, the mob subsided, though a fusillade of abuse followed the leisurely Bunk.

That blow was an artistic triumph for the deputy. Had he left the field without paying any attention to the chauffeur, the latter would have retaliated, and a free-for-all fight would have followed. In either event, their object would have been defeated.

Bunk meant the blow to convey to the chauffeur that they had failed to connect him with the loss of diamonds, and as a result he was taking what revenge he dared.

Lavender's laugh proved that he had interpreted the blow precisely as the thoughtful Bunk had intended that he should.

In a short time Dan saw a flicker of white behind the leftfield fence, where the lower half of a board had been broken away. He rose and walked over to Lavender, his face expressionless, a cigarette hanging from his under-lip.

"Lemme show you how to hit 'em, Skinny," he said, reaching for the bat.

The chauffeur surrendered it readily with some acrid remarks upon the unspeakable depravity of Dan and his brother. The bleachers yowled hatefully; the Ferret out in leftfield called abusively in his high-pitched voice. Dan hit the fielders three or four easy ones to get the range. Then, as Lavender Bill waved his team off the field, he cut loose.

He tossed the ball into the air and took a short, quick swing, perfectly timed. All the strength of his powerful shoulders was behind it. The ball rose like a bullet, looped gracefully, and dropped out of sight behind the fence. The Ferret expressed his disapproval by a lively pantomime, and trotted to the hole in the fence.

Bunk was in hiding just outside. As the Ferret shoved his rodent head, with its long nose and retreating forehead and chin, through the aperture, the heavy hand of the deputy descended on the back of his neck. He was slammed forward and down until he rooted into the turf, effectually smothering any outcry.

McGann came down with both knees on Sweer's back and thrust forth an exploring hand. Then he grinned happily, for the Ferret's lean body was girdled beneath his shirt with baseballs!

CHAPTER FOUR

BUNK opened his knife and attacked one of the balls on the table before him. He ripped the stitches and slipped off the cover, leaving a closely wound sphere of yarn in his hand. With a conjurer's flourish for the benefit of the doubting Coles, the deputy slowly unwound the yarn. Something clicked onto the table—something that gleamed and winked with a living white fire!

Coles's eyes and mouth popped wide open, for the something was an unset diamond. As Bunk continued to unwind, two more dropped out. Then, one after another, he destroyed

the remaining five balls. Each in turn yielded precious kernels to the little pile of stones, until eighteen were gathered together. The tally was complete; just eighteen diamonds had been stolen.

"I don't know where the settin's are," said Bunk, his task completed; "Lavender's chucked 'em away. You may find 'em in some junk heap around the garage."

"But—but, Mr. McGann," stammered the humbled and mystified Coles, "I don't understand how these diamonds got into the balls! If this man Smith is the thief, why didn't he take them away? He had all night after he stole them."

"Because he ain't no ordinary crook," rejoined Bunk. "If he'd been away from here last night, he knew it would be found out. We could have traced him and locked him up on suspicion.

"At two o'clock this morning he came into Gordon's room in his pajamas. Said he had the toothache and wanted something for it. He'd been over there then and got your sparks. That toothache would account for his bein' up and around at all hours. He had six baseballs in his room then. Between two and five he wound up the di'monds in the balls, sewed 'em up, burned the extra yarn and the old stitchin', and then made away with the settin's. At five he had finished, or he wouldn't have woke up Gordon. But he needed a witness who could swear he'd been in the place all night.

"He knew there was only one way to get the stones out and that was right under our eyes. The best way to take 'em was in the balls, because no one would think of lookin' there. I thought of his slippin' them under the linin' of his bag; I was gettin' 'warm' then. But when he invited me to rip it open, I was throwed off the scent."

"But how did this crook Ferret get hold of the balls?"

Dan looked at him pityingly and took up the narrative: "They'd planned this thing all out before, and Ferret had six balls inside his shirt when he came out to practise. Ferret's are all ripped; Lavender hits out one of the loaded balls. It goes way over Sweers's head, or else he muffs it so's he can make a switch. He turns his back, digs up a ripped ball and fires it in, and tucks away the loaded one in place of it.

"The rip gives Bill a chance to make another switch at his end, and he does it; but he's always sure to hit the loaded ball to Ferret. Back comes another ripped one, and they keep it up till all your di'monds are inside Sweers's shirt.

"Lavender worked out this scheme because he didn't dare take chances on bein' locked up. He couldn't trust Ferret, or any one else. If they got their hands on the sparks, and he was pinched, they would hock the stones and flit. So it was up to him to keep out of jail."

"By Lavender's scheme, he gets the stones to Ferret, and there's no case against either of them. They can market the stones together. Oh, Lavender's got a head, all right!"

"How did you discover their plan?" asked Cole.

Bunk grinned and lit the cigarette he had rolled. "I was lashed to the mast and howlin' for mercy at first," he admitted. "I never even caught the Ferret makin' the switch, he was so smooth at it. But Bill left himself wide open."

"How was that?"

"He used the wrong thread in sewing up the balls. I noticed that when he hit to Ferret the ball went out with red seams and—come back with blue ones!"

The FROG'S OTHER EYE

by

Dustin Mack

ON the night of the twenty-third of June at nine minutes after eleven a man was murdered in his bachelor apartments at the San Mihiel Hotel. Scores of people heard two shots fired in quick succession, a crash of glass, a thud and then hurried footsteps.

Six minutes later the house detective, followed by a group of men guests, shoved open the door leading to the main room of the apartment. The lights were on full and the body of the victim, Billy Dunning, was found crumpled on the floor between a luxurious leather chair and a library table. There was a bullet-hole in the head. Near by was a revolver with two empty chambers. The glass was shattered in a bookcase against the wall on the opposite side of the room and a bullet had torn its way through several books and imbedded itself in the plaster. Between the table and the bookcase a lighter chair was upset.

At eleven-thirty four detectives from Headquarters with Jimmy Callaghan of the *Register* entered the room. After a hurried conference with the house detective, the human bloodhounds started on various trails. The room was a corner one, and on the north and west sides were open windows, from all of which fire-escapes led four stories to the ground. With drawn revolvers, Hooper went out a north window and Lenane a west one. Patterson went into the hallway to pick up what he could among the guests. Carson—Captain Carson, leader of the pack—remained in the room to gather evidence, and with him remained the reporter. Callaghan had had the operator at Headquarters flash word of the crime to the *Register,* and he knew that the cameraman was then speeding in a taxi toward the hotel. A little clock that ticked solemnly in a square silver case on the table told him that he had just twenty minutes in which to catch the "Bulldog" edition, which by one o'clock would be speeding on trains to all remote parts of the state.

While Carson was scanning papers taken from the victim's pockets and various other places in the room, Callaghan was quizzing the house detective. This is what he learned:

Billy Dunning was hardly thirty years of age and of a type that was quite common to the city hotel life—a man whose forebears had done enough work and piled up enough money to do the family for the rest of its life. He had been living at the San Mihiel for about five years and, though he liked the white lights, his reputation was good. No woman came to his room. He had on the outside, as far as was known at the hotel, no particular friends of that sex nor particular enemies of

either sex. He was by no means always a late home-comer. In fact, he seemed to enjoy as much as anything else a book and—in the old days — a Scotch or two in the quiet of his room.

A few words with Carson—the captain telling him that he had come across many possibilities but nothing striking yet in the line of clues—and Callaghan was ready for the phone. By the time he was through sending in the story the army from the other papers had begun to swarm into the hotel. The photographer of the *Register* was ready to go back to the office with a plate of the room and a photograph of Dunning that Callaghan had picked up immediately on his arrival.

Finished with the examination of the papers, Carson began a careful search. He shoved into a corner the upturned chair and the table and gave word to the house detective that they be closely guarded. Thorough to the last degree, he then began to look over the Persian rug on hands and knees. Near where the upturned chair had been he picked up something and shoved it into an envelope. Callaghan, assisting in combing the room, knew his man too well to ask questions. It was perhaps this knowledge, born of years of friendship, that resulted in his getting the privileges that were denied the others of his craft. So, with one eye on the clock, the reporter of the *Register* went on with the search, now and then calling attention to this or that condition or article and causing occasionally something to be added to what the envelope already contained, or to a bulkier collection on the leather chair. He did not fear his competitors in other parts of the hotel, for he knew that if there came an important development Carson would get the flash.

It was just about midnight when the detective chief knocked on the door of Room 10, one story below and immediately beneath the room in which the body had been found. There was no answer, and he knocked a little louder. Still there was no reply, and Carson, finding the door locked, put the force of a big shoulder against a panel and in a second found himself facing a darkened room. With revolver in right hand, he flashed his pocket lamp with the left and saw a figure huddled in a bed against the wall.

Carson kept the light on the figure and instructed Paterson, who had joined him, to turn on the switch. On the fire escape outside were Hooper and Lenane awaiting a possible effort on the part of the quarry to escape, but a flood of light in the room showed the figure apparently still asleep. The bed clothing covered most of the head, there being visible not much more than closed eyelids and a tiny nose. A little wisp of hair showed beyond doubt that the figure was that of a girl.

Carson looked quickly about the room and then went to a closet and pulled open the door. He brought forth a smart-looking turban which he placed on a table. Then from his pocket came the white envelope and out of it a small piece of indigo plume, matching exactly a bit of fluffy feather on the hat. A close examination of this feather showed him that a section had been clipped off the end.

The detective chief placed a rough hand on the shoulder of the girl. She opened her eyes wide in fright.

"Come on!" he ordered. "Get up! We want you!"

The girl did not move nor speak; whereupon Carson pulled the bed clothing from her head, from her shoulders and then, with a yank, landed them in a heap at the foot of the bed, revealing the occupant fully dressed, even to shoes. A trembling little mouse, she lay there for a second or two and then arose. Without a word of protest, as if accepting the inevitable, she put on the plumaged turban and then went to the closet, from the floor of which she picked up a light coat.

"Should I take this?" she then asked, pointing to a small brown leather grip, also in the closet.

"We'll take care of that, madam," Carson answered.

As she was about to step from the curb in front of the hotel to the police patrol she hesitated. Her right hand went up to her forehead, her eyes closed and she bit her lip. Her body seemed to reel. Then she suddenly braced herself and got aboard unassisted. From that time on—on to the end—she remained stoical.

With a detective towering, it seemed, at each side of her, she stood before the desk at Headquarters.

"Your name?" the lieutenant thundered mechanically.

"Ann May," she replied in a voice not much above a whisper.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-six."

"Your address?"

She held her head in silence.

"Come! Come! Speak up!"

But she would not answer.

"Madam," said the lieutenant, "you can gain nothing by this. Where do you live?"

It was no use. Neither to that nor to any other question asked her then or afterward about her identity or past life would she reply. She became known as the Girl of Mystery. From the desk lieutenant she was led away to be "mugged," but when the evening papers of the next day printed the picture it was of a face deliberately distorted beyond recognition. In the older days, with the "third degree" methods in vogue, the police might have got better results, but modern practice in the handling of alleged criminals is not quite so violent as it is reputed once to have been.

The leather grip of Ann May contained only the most necessary of toilet articles and a book — a volume of Tennyson. There was nothing there to indicate her identity, and neither did her clothing, the matron reported, give any idea as to who she was.

But the police, and the county prosecutor's office which had come in on the case, were not worrying much over Ann May's life as she had lived it up until the time of the murder. Of course a knowledge of that would have helped a lot, but they felt they had a pretty clear case against her with the evidence as to where she was when the shot was fired. The motive was secondary. Photographs of finger-prints on the table and the upturned chair in the murdered man's room backed the evidence of the indigo plume and the fully dressed girl in bed in establishing her guilt, no matter what the actuating cause. She had come to the hotel on the morning of the date of the crime, they learned, and the nature of her baggage convinced them that she had planned to slip away as soon as she could after the murder. On the hotel register she was listed just as she was on the police blotter—"Ann May"—except that on the register there was the addition of "New York City." Removed from the police station to the county institution to await the prosecution of the case, she spent her days reading her book of poems or sitting in meditation. She wrote no letters and received none; she had no visitors and didn't seem to expect any. To other prisoners she was pleasant when addressed, but shunned companionship. Her attitude was the same toward welfare workers who visited the jail.

An indictment was in due course found against Ann May by the grand jury. She was led before the court to plead. As she faced the judge, her head bowed, and the clerk of the court began reading the formal charge of murder against her, a lean-visaged man arose from a chair in the space reserved for lawyers and went to her side.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the court.

"Your honor," replied the man, "we plead not guilty."

Court attendants exchanged significant glances. The prosecutor faintly smiled. In the eyes of the attendants — experienced observers of the winds of fortune in crime and law—Ann May was guilty. The prosecutor considered his case half won; for the man who had pleaded for her was Jim McQuilkin, lawyer of the underworld. For years his had been a familiar figure about the courthouse. Dapper, cat-footed, and with a voice that left in its trail the hiss of a snake, he could be seen circulating about the smoke-filled corridors, grasping a hand here, passing out a dollar tip there. Among the crowds attracted to the building by the big cases on the calendars he always found more or less self-appointed agents, who, in return for the little gratuities he handed out, kept a pretty constant stream of clients coming to his office to be bled to their last penny.

But to the credit of McQuilkin, it must be said that many a man he had saved from the shadows of the death chair or the gloom of prison cell. No man worked harder than he to convince a jury of the innocence of his client. He laughed and he cried; he bellowed until it seemed as if the building shook, and he whispered so that even the men in the jury box had to crane their necks to hear him.

A date was set for Ann May's trial, and she was led away. To Jimmy Callaghan, tilted back in his chair at the reporters' table, it seemed that there was a slight droop to her shoulders as she walked from the courtroom with her guard—as if the weight of her trouble borne in silence was beginning to crush her. Callaghan's was a big heart, and it was incompatible with his sense of justice that his sympathy should go out to this little human enigma.

Ann May went on reading and dreaming pending the trial, and when the day came it found her calmly sitting beside her counsel, with the guard close by. With steady eyes she watched the seats in the jury box one by one being filled. But her look was more the look of a mildly interested spectator than of one whose destiny was to be determined by those men. Indeed, in the crowded courtroom back of her there were dozens of more anxious faces than hers. The case, having attracted wide attention, had packed the room long before the hour of the coming of the judge to the bench. There were women there who had awaited the very opening of the doors of the building — women whose hearts went out to this little stranger whom they had read about, but whom they were now seeing for the first time. Outside the courtroom was a pressing jam, with many more members of her sex ready to cry for her.

"It's a great day for McQuilkin!" remarked Hennessy, the veteran doorman, to a lawyer passing through. "He'll be strong with his fireworks."

As name after name was selected from the panel and men stepped forward in response, both the prosecutor and McQuilkin scrutinized them closely. They were a motley lot, selected from all sections of the city and all strata of life.

"If all the evidence in this case should convince you without a reasonable doubt that the defendant here is guilty, do you think that you could vote for a verdict against her, knowing that such a verdict would mean life imprisonment or death?"

This was a question that the prosecutor asked of each in accordance with a long practice, but it seemed to go home with particular force now. Not infrequently it was answered with such indefiniteness that the prosecutor, a little dark fox of a man, would halt in his leisurely pacing of the floor and, hands deep in pockets, would look over his glasses for a second or two at the man standing before him. "Excused, sir!" would then come from him with a cynical smile. There were others who admitted a fear that they could not help but be influenced by a realization of what a guilty verdict would mean, so they, too, of course, were sent back to their seats. Thus it was slow work in filling the twelve chairs.

McQuilkin's objections were few—surprisingly few for him—and the suggestions about the courtroom were that he was willing to take a chance on sympathy to win an acquittal for his client.

The jury box finally filled, the State speedily proceeded with its case. The hotel guests who had heard the shots and the retreating footsteps, the house detective and the Headquarters men were called one after one, following establishment by the county physician of the cause of Dunning's death. "We shall prove," the prosecutor had said in opening, "that this woman had come to the hotel bent on murder for some reason we do not know. By her silence as to her identity and her past she has kept us from learning a motive, but that very silence in a life-and-death struggle for her is damning proof of her guilt. She will not let the light shine on her past because she knows that that light will reveal the start of the diabolical machinations—perhaps in the den of a sweet-faced devil—that resulted in the cold-blooded murder of a man she found alone with his books."

Ann May stiffened in her chair. Her hands gripped the arm rests, and it seemed that she was about to arise when McQuilkin laid a gentle but restraining hand on her shoulder. He whispered to her for a second or two, and then she slipped back into her old attitude of half interest. The silence of the courtroom was tense.

"Heavens!" whispered Callaghan to a fellow-worker, "what a story McQuilkin spoiled!"

The hat with the indigo plume and the revolver were put in evidence as the captain of detectives told of his investigations. Then came the finger-print photographs with testi-

mony by an expert. It was a clear, logical story that the prosecutor was presenting, and through it all McQuilkin—McQuilkin, the gallery player—was comparatively silent. There was hardly an objection raised as the prosecutor drew from his witnesses bit after bit of damning evidence. And when it came to McQuilkin's turn at the State's witnesses, his questions were ineffective.

"He's certainly lost his pep!" was the way the whispered comment ran. "Why, generally by this time the judge would be giving him his final warning that he'd land outside the courtroom if he didn't stop bulldozing witnesses. But he's a fox. You can't tell what he's got up his sleeve."

But the amazement of the old-timers grew when the State had closed its case and the court was ready for the defense. She was guilty, there was no doubt about that, was the feeling expressed. But what will McQuilkin's alibi be? Has he any witnesses besides the defendant, and what will her own story be as she gets on the stand to break her silence. It will have to be a good one to get her free.

McQuilkin arose. This was the hour the crowd had awaited. There was a solemn silence and a craning of necks. Counsel for Ann May rubbed his hands, smiled and then announced:

"Your honor, the defense rests!"

Jimmy Callaghan slammed his pencil down on the table. There was a stirring among the attendants, but for a second or two the mob in the courtroom didn't grasp it—didn't grasp that McQuilkin was not going to call one single witness in Ann May's behalf, not even herself. He was going to take a chance on the prosecution having failed to present a convincing case, to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that she was guilty. There was plainly disappointment among the throng, but the comment here and there was: "He's a wise bird!"

And when it came to the summing up, McQuilkin arose slowly and walked toward the jury box. He bowed graciously, smiled and then, with a wave of a diamond-adorned, long thin hand toward the defendant, said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to leave it to you to take care of that little woman over there."

Then McQuilkin resumed his seat, and the prosecutor arose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began the latter, his hands still in his pockets and the cynical smile still on his lips, "I don't think it is quite necessary for me to emphasize any of the facts brought out in the examination of our witnesses to show that the defendant here"—and with this he took his hands from his pockets, straightened his shoulders, took off his glasses and, with his smile gone, pointed at the little woman but half filling the chair across the room—"to show that the defendant here, I say, is guilty beyond a shadow of a doubt of one of the most cold-blooded murders in the history of our courts. The chain of circumstances we have welded before your eyes is unbreakable—so unbreakable that the counsel for the defense dare not touch it lest he prove to you, if proof was necessary, its damning strength.

"Yes, he was afraid to combat our evidence, afraid to put even the defendant herself on the witness stand. He knew that her guilty soul could not help but show its blackness. She is a murderer that——"

Ann May was wilting in her chair. Her tapering fingers gripped the arms. Suddenly, with a tremendous effort, she threw off the weakness, half rose and shouted: "It's a lie! It's a——" But before she could go any further the judge was rapping for order and McQuilkin was shoving her back in her chair and urging her to be quiet. Then with a moan that was heard above the din of the courtroom she screamed. Ann May was carried to an ante-room.

The prosecutor mopped his brow; the courtroom was stifling. He looked down over the perspiring crowds that lined the walls and grouped about the door. Then he stepped up to the judge's desk and asked that the door be opened. Carson, anticipating the reply, hurried down the aisle. A woman spectator fainted almost in his arms and he carried her to the corridor. The judge then ordered the room cleared and when the trial was resumed, with Ann May, pale but composed, again sitting beside her counsel, it was with a smaller gallery.

"Gentlemen," the prosecutor went on, "I'll not subject you much longer to this nervous

strain. It is hardly necessary. I'll let the evidence stand as presented, but there's one thing I want to warn you against, warn you in the interests of justice. All this is new to most of you—perhaps all of you. I want to warn you against the artifices, the little tricks to deceive you; I want to warn you against dramatics staged by crafty minds before the very bar of justice."

The court was brief. It explained the three degrees of murder as set forth in the law. It dwelt upon the recognition the law gives to circumstantial evidence, stating that if the evidence in the case at hand proved beyond a reasonable doubt to the members of the jury that the defendant was guilty, they must bring in a verdict accordingly in one of the three degrees.

The twelve filed slowly from the box and, led by a court attendant, entered a door that had opened at the side of the room. The judge left the bench. Ann May was led back to a detention room in the building. The crowd stretched, buzzed and—most of it—waited in the benches for a decision as to the defendant's fate. A quick return was looked for. There seemed no knotty questions. It should be a case of acceptance or rejection right off the bat of the prosecution's proof of guilt.

It was with a suddenness that the identity of the girl prisoner came to Callaghan. He gripped the arm of the square-shouldered fellow into whose pale face he was looking with deep concern.

"God!" exclaimed the reporter, but not with irreverence. "She's Joe West's sister. Mary—the school teacher—the one whose Christmas cake we ate in the trenches."

"I saw her—had a long talk with her," said the other, "just before the trial opened this morning."

"Heavens, Brown!" Callaghan censured, "why didn't you tell me? We might have done something. It's too late now. Poor Joe West!"

They were alone in a little room off the court. Brown—Larry Brown, formerly lieutenant of the sixty-fifth—dropped his cigarette butt to the floor, stamped on it and then, twirling his watch chain, walked slowly to a window and looked out in silence. Suddenly he wheeled about.

"Callaghan," he said, "I'm breaking a pledge to her now in telling you. No one in God's world knows her identity except you and I. And you would not know it if I did not feel that I could trust you absolutely. Joe may never know it. It's her wish that if she goes to the chair or to prison for life it will be without the knowledge then or ever of Joe. She is to drop mysteriously out of his life. She sent for me to help out in the plans, and I came in this morning on the 8:28. Joe's on his way home now. He's on the *Powhattan,* due the day after tomorrow, with a detachment from the Army of Occupation. She had asked me to bring her mail, and with it was a letter from him. She wants me to keep him clear of this town. Realizing that he knew you—he had often spoken of you in his letters to her—she thought he might come to you for aid when he found her gone. She wants me to keep him from going to the newspapers or to the police anywhere, to keep him from doing anything to make public her disappearance until—until it's all over—until she's buried perhaps in potter's field or in state prison for life."

"Poor Joe West!" mused Callaghan. "And he thought she was an angel."

"That's at the basis of it all," explained Brown. "She'd sooner drop out of his life than have him ever even dream that she was anything different than what he had believed."

"Why did she shoot Dunning?" Callaghan asked after a pause.

"Do you think that she shot him?"

"Heavens, man! How could I think otherwise?" came from the reporter.

"It's a strange yarn, Jimmy, and I hardly know what to think of it. You know she and Joe are the only ones of their family left. With him away it's been pretty hard on her. Alone, she read a great deal and thought a great deal. She dreamed her air castles that had tumbled down, and she built new ones. In one of those old castles lived Billy Dunning, the boy. In one of the new castles was Billy Dunning, the man.

"One night she suddenly made up her mind to come to the city here and surprise him. At least she might save him from the life she had

suspected he was slipping into. One hour before the time of his murder she knocked at the door of his room, having little regard for convention. They were seated across from each other at the table when they heard a noise on one of the fire-escapes. Dunning arose to investigate and almost immediately a slender hand appeared over the outside sill of the window and in a second or two Billy's body lay crumpled on the floor. Then a second shot whizzed past her head and crashed into the glass of the bookcase. As Mary turned to flee she saw the revolver thrown into the room."

Callaghan tapped on the arm of the chair with his fingers, but made no comment.

"Kind o' melodramatic and fishy?" ventured Larry.

"Why didn't she let the jury in on that story?" asked the reporter.

"She figured that in the first place the jury wouldn't believe it, and in the second that if she let the world know that she was alone in the room with Dunning at 11 o'clock at night it would forever after point a finger at Joe and tell him that his sister had sold her soul."

"How about her lawyer—McQuilkin?"

"He knows the story, although he doesn't know her identity. He agreed with her that silence was best. I went to him immediately I left her this morning. He put his hand on my shoulder, smiled cynically, and said: 'You're a friend of this woman; then I can say to you that she is as guilty as hell; I admire your simple faith in womanhood, my boy, but I want to tell you this: When you have seen as much of this old world as I have you'll be a wiser man.'"

"I suppose," remarked Callaghan, "that McQuilkin horned in on this case as he has on many others, thinking that the money would flow in from some mysterious source. When it didn't come he lay down. Brown, he's yellow all the way through. I believe that girl! Joe Brown's sister couldn't lie like that."

Then Callaghan quickly arose and snapped his watch open and shut.

"Brown," he said, "the life of a woman is at stake, and you must let me use my judgment."

Before Brown could reply Callaghan had left the room.

In the prosecutor's office the reporter found Carson calmly smoking and awaiting the verdict. As Callaghan finished his story the detective chief smiled tolerantly. There may be police officers who, in their enthusiasm in building up a case, think more of their own glory than of the fundamentals of justice—who want to convict somebody. Carson, however, was bigger than that.

"Where is the white envelope?" asked Callaghan.

The detective quickly arose, took the envelope from a filing cabinet and dumped on the table the assortment of small articles he had collected in Dunning's room on the night of the murder. Callaghan quickly sorted them over until he came to a minute greenish stone. This he held up to the light, where it sparkled brilliantly. He recalled to Carson that he had found it on a window ledge in the room at the hotel. For a second or two the detective watched with suddenly awakened interest. Then he took—almost snatched—the stone and rushed into the private office of the prosecutor.

Hardly five minutes had passed when Carson appeared again. He summoned Patterson and Hooper. They grabbed their hats and coats and just two minutes later Callaghan saw them speed away in a taxi from the courthouse door.

After two hours of impatient waiting Callaghan and Brown sat in a rear seat of the courtroom. They spoke but little; the minutes were freighted with anxiety. Then came a sign. A court attendant rushed up to the clerk, whispered a few words, and then hurried to the judge's chambers. The doors of the courtroom were closed. A minute or two later Ann May was led into the room to hear her fate. The judge came to the bench. As the jury filed in, faces grave, Callaghan read the verdict. "It's all up, old man!" he whispered to Brown.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?" came the solemn voice of the clerk.

Ann May trembled as she heard the answer—guilty of murder in the first degree. Her head dropped to her breast. The silence of the courtroom was broken by the sympathetic sob of a woman. Then Ann May's courage again rallied. She braced herself and was taken away.

Neither Callaghan nor Brown uttered a

word to each other. Reporters for other papers hurriedly left for their offices. The crowd of spectators began to press toward the exit. Above the confused murmurs Callaghan heard the door of an auto slam and then the voice of Carson. He hurried to the anteroom of the Prosecutor's office and waited.

From the private door a few minutes later the detective captain emerged. He shoved a hand in his coat pocket and walked to the table under the electric light. Then he held up a slender chain with an old gold chain pendant. He took hold of the frog and held it so that the light shone fully upon it. A greenish glitter came from one eye. "I saw it on her this afternoon," he explained, "as I carried her from the courtroom and later watched as attendants assisted her to a taxi she had summoned to be taken home."

With that Carson quickly produced the stone taken from the white envelope and held it to the light.

"The frog's other eye," he said. "Mum's the word now. She's in there—nervous as a cat—and something's going to break damn soon."

Carson rushed back to the room. Callaghan saw that it was 10:45. He would wait until 11 before phoning the office. But that hour came and went and he was beginning to despair when Carson suddenly appeared.

As the reporter got in touch with the office at 11:15 this is the greeting he got from the city editor:

"Callaghan, where in hell have you been? I've been trying to raise you a half-hour. The jury came in an hour ago, I am told, and we have not a line for the up-state edition. The verdict against Ann May is the biggest story of the day despite——"

"That isn't the sensation," cut in Callaghan. "I have something bigger than that. Another woman has confessed the murder, and they've got enough from her to break McQuilkin at last. He greased the rails for Ann May's conviction to save the real murderer from the chair. Give me a reporter."

In a nutshell here's the story he sent in: Dunning had been a frequent caller at the apartment of a certain woman along the river front. Then he abandoned her. She schemed, pleaded, fumed, threatened, but all to no avail. Then at ten-thirty on the night of the twenty-third of June word came to her from a chamber maid at the San Mihiel that another girl was in his room. Wildly jealous, she took a revolver and left.

At 3:30 o'clock the following morning, with her sleepless eyes deep in dark sockets, and with her whole being starting at every sound, she phoned to McQuilkin. He came, and she laid her cards on the table.

Fear of the law kept haunting her, but, as the days went by, she could not keep away from the courtroom. As. Carson, going to open the door this afternoon, approached her, she felt that the end had come. Weak from worry and loss of rest, she dropped.

When Callaghan came out of the telephone booth he saw Brown waiting with despair written on his features. Larry shoved a late edition of an evening paper under the reporter's nose.

The *Powhattan's* been sighted — in a day ahead of time!" he exclaimed. Joe'll probably disembark in the morning."

Callaghan put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a crumpled $5 bill.

"Fifty-fifty on an extra ticket for the girl back home," he said. "Ann May's going with you—paroled in my custody by the court at the suggestion of the Prosecutor. They know the story, but the world need never know it. Her conviction will be set aside. You can slip away on the first train out in the morning and beat Joe by hours. Give him my regards."

The Bootlegger

By RICHARD LLOYD HUGHES

"HOW'S the bootlegging to-day, Bill?" asked an inquisitive stranger of the barkeep of the Cafe Realm.

"None of your damn business! And my name is not Bill, either!"

"Gettin' sensitive, aren't you, Archibald? Let's have a sample of your acme."

As per usual the stranger received near-beer. "Oh, Gee! Is this the best you've got? Open up, Henry, open up! Give me some real stuff!"

"My name isn't Henry, Bill, Archibald or any of your business! That's the best we've got," pointing to the near-beer.

"For me, yes; you tight-fisted rum-hound! I noticed that the last man you served seemed to be enjoying himself—and it wasn't over near beer, either," the stranger replied sarcastically.

"Oh, if you're a prohibition detective go ahead and search the place. You have to take what you get nowadays," countered the barkeep tauntingly.

"And here you usually get just what you want! My name is Hawk Arton—not a prohibition hawk, either—just in from the wild and woolly West. Now that we are well acquainted, Mr. Noname, I'll have a real drink."

Evidently Hawk Arton's unique method of introduction seemed to satisfy the barkeep, who poured out the sparkling genuine vintage for him. Hawk was nonplussed, for strange to say, the "real stuff" came out of the same tap from which near-beer had emerged a few moments before.

"A barkeep must be a magician to hold down his job nowadays," he commented to himself.

And as far as the police and prohibition agents were concerned the Cafe Realm was a house of magicians. Everybody knew that they had illicit beverages for sale—the police knew it, the government officials knew it, preachers, newspaper editors—all were aware the Cafe Realm was violating the law. But raid after raid netted nothing. The Cafe Realm was an impregnable fortress — they were entirely too clever for the police. So the bewildered officials had to stand the gaff from the societies, ministers, newspapers and legislators, who demanded the arrest and conviction of the law-breakers.

A few days later the stranger, Hawk Arton, returned. He immediately made himself at home, as was his custom, with the barkeep, whose name for the sake of convenience we shall call Jim.

"This whisky's not very good. Do you want to buy some more, buddy? I know where to get some 100 proof; cheap, too."

"Don't want any at any price. Besides the boss buys all of our supplies."

"Think again, my boy, think again. Who's the boss?"

"See that man in the check suit? That's——" The ringing of a bell interrupted him. He burst out in loud, forced laughter: "Here comes our little raiding squad again!"

Hawk immediately gulped down the remains of his glass. But nothing happened. Only a sallow-faced man with a dark hat walked through the swinging doors, came up to the bar and ordered the "best you've got." The barkeep handed him some lawful beverage.

Arton, puzzled, turned toward Jim. "What do you mean——". The stranger, instead of taking his glass, had grasped both of Jim's wrists, holding him helpless. At the same time he whistled loudly, causing half a dozen plain-cothes men to enter with a rush.

The boss heard the clamor and came from the inner room where several card games were in progress. In a voice as loud as his check suit he demanded of the men who were already searching and testing behind the bar:

"What's the big idea? Where's your warrant to search my place?"

The sallow-faced man, whose hold upon Jim had been relieved by an assistant, produced the necessary credentials. The manager exploded with laughter, soon followed by the crowd which had come from the inner room to watch the searchers. All took the raid as a joke and scorned and ridiculed the prohibition agents:

"You're out of luck again, whisky hounds!"

"The next time you come bring an airship —the whisky has flown away."

"Hunt, you rubes! Can't you smell the whisky on my breath?"

After a half-hour of prying and searching amidst the jests and tauntings of the disorderly crowd, the leader called his men together.

"Any luck, boys?" While they were answering in the negative he nudged toward Hawk Arton without seeming to do so. "Were they forewarned of this raid!" he whispered to Hawk.

Hawk burst out in a loud guffaw. All turned toward him. "Jim, the little giant here wants to know if you knew this raid was coming!" in a voice so loud that everybody heard.

The raiders took their inglorious departure. Thus did the prohibition sleuths always meet their Waterloo at the Cafe Realm. Hawk wondered how the owner managed it. Although each shipment made to the cafe was inspected, according to a select loquacious few, they never lacked sufficient supply.

Hawk soon made friends with the employees and patrons of the cafe. His forward manner, his always hearty spirits and his frequent visits did the trick. An afternoon was not complete without a visit from him.

"You are in the same class with our other roustabout," Jim told him.

"Who's he?"

"Some eccentric gent who says he is an Englishman. Comes nearly every morning to pay us a visit. Always has his monocle and cane along. He is so queer that you can't help laughing at him."

"Oh, I know who you mean. The ugly duckling who wears a dark suit and a high hat? You certainly have cheek to put me in his class!"

As Jim had stated, the ex-Englishman, by name Stephenson, and Hawk Arton were the two "freaks" of the establishment. Both took the entertaining of the crowd as their natural duty. Nobody seemed to realize that the habits of Stephenson were no more characteristic of a true Englishman than those of a shewolf. The essential difference between the pair, however, was that everybody laughed *at* Stephenson who came only in the forenoon, whereas all laughed *with* Hawk Arton, the afternoon and evening humorist. Another variance consisted in the fact that the Englishman was ever seeking to buy some booze while Hawk was always ready to inform the uninitiated where to find a bootlegger. In one respect both were alike — in the frequent but fruitless raids upon the Cafe Realm none could ridicule and mock the police as well as they.

The city in which the Cafe Realm was the oasis was situated but a short distance from the Canadian border. So it was easy to ascertain where the Cafe Realm's source of supply was. In addition to their other duties the Federal agents had to suppress smuggling. In all their territory the Cafe Realm was the sorest spot. To their knowledge the Cafe never received any illegal beverages. Nor did the frequent explorations in its interior disclose any evidence. And yet the police knew that the Cafe Realm possessed and sold illicit liquors.

During a lull in business the boss of the cafe was talking to Jim, the barkeep.

"I am expecting a new shipment of booze. We need two good men whom we can trust to help us handle it. Suggest anybody, Jim?"

"Well—no. You can't be too sure. I have it! Hire the Englishman and Hawk Arton."

"Are you sure they wouldn't try to double-cross us?"

"Absolutely. I think they hate each other —never saw them together yet. Just the men we want."

"The Englishman is all right. But I don't trust that Hawk Arton. When he comes in tonight, dope him. Then search him. Whatever you do don't let him know who drugged him—he might kill somebody."

That very night Jim carried out the boss's orders with the help of two cronies. Hawk was searched when in a stupor, but nothing

implicating was found. Then the two cronies took Hawk, whom everybody thought was dead drunk, and threw him into a dark alley to sleep off the drug.

The next afternoon Hawk walked into the Cafe Realm as if nothing had happened. But when the bar was momentarily deserted he turned toward Jim, and with one huge hand seized him by the scruff of the neck, lifting him right off his feet.

"Who drugged me last night? Speak up, boy!"

Jim was terrorized. Before he could frame a suitable answer he found himself blurting out the truth. "We thought you were a detective. We had to find out some way."

At this juncture the boss and proprietor of the Cafe Realm came into the room and in a low voice said: "Want to earn some easy money to-night, Hawk? There's twenty dollars in it for you if you do what we say."

"It's a go, boss! Bootleggin', I suppose?

The boss nodded. "I will be responsible if you get arrested. But don't worry, you won't! Be at Franklin Forks at twelve-thirty without fail. Remember, mum's the word!"

Previously the boss had interviewed Stephenson, the Englishman, who had likewise accepted the job.

Shortly before one o'clock that evening the boss of the Cafe Realm picked up Hawk and Stephenson in his automobile. Jim was already in the car. The boss had certainly selected an ideal night for the undertaking. The darkness was impenetrable as the high-powered car sped forward with ever increasing speed.

Both Arton and Stephenson had lost their usually good spirits for neither ventured to break the silence of the night broken only by the motor's almost imperceptible drone. After a short drive all lights on the car were extinguished, accompanied by a slackening of speed. As far as Hawk could make out they were traveling through a dense forest. Suddenly the boss swerved the car off the road, entering the wood. When they reached an open spot the car was turned around and stopped. Hawk was surprised at the man's skill in driving through such utter blackness.

With a pocket flash in hand, the boss led the way. Its dim light revealed the outlines of a large truck loaded with barrels. Backed up to it was an auto-trailer. Noiselessly they rolled the heavy barrels from the truck to the trailer until the latter was loaded. But only half the barrels had been removed from the truck. The boss quickly explained this to Hawk and the Englishman.

"We will make two trips. You remain here with the truck. Remember, no noise and no lights. Be back soon."

Then the touring car was backed up and attached to the trailer. "Is the coupler on the trailer fixed so that we can set it free if we are pursued?" the boss asked Jim. As he murmured affirmatively the car was off.

While awaiting their return Hawk meditated upon the Cafe Realm's system of bootlegging. So far he remained in the dark concerning the real secret of their success. And if his speculation were true that evening would not reveal it. At least Hawk had abandoned one theory: No one "higher up" was shielding the Cafe Realm. The boss was crafty enough of himself to defy the law.

A few minutes later the car and its empty trailer returned. Once more Hawk and Stephenson did the major share of the loading, emptying the truck of its illicit cargo. Hawk did not doubt that the owners of the truck had some secret agreement with the boss.

"I am sorry, boys, but both of you must remain here again until we return. Only a short time," the boss was saying as Hawk's flickering hopes of being let in on the secret vanished. The boss was giving Jim final instructions when he interrupted himself: "Listen! Isn't that a motor?"

All stood breathless for a moment. Every now and then the sound of a vibrating engine reached their ears through the still night air.

"It's a high-powered car, all right. Coming through these woods, too," Jim vouchsafed.

"What's that you say — 'coming through these woods'!" the boss cried out in astonishment. "This is the only road. That means but one thing—the police! Get in, everybody, and be quick about it!"

Jim, Hawk and the Englishman leaped in the car. It was off like a flash, although handicapped by the loaded trailer on behind. Smuggled booze was evidently too valuable to be

left behind. The car's speed increased terribly when the main highway was reached. The lurching of the two vehicles, the dangerous speed, and the inky darkness set everybody's nerves on edge.

With a roar and a flash of its gleaming headlights the pursuing car burst into view, but a mile or so behind. They were indubitably officers of the law. While their lights pierced the darkness, the rum-runners of the Cafe Realm sped on with all lights extinguished. But for the protesting motor their presence would have been unknown.

The race was on! A few miles more and they would be safe. The boss of the Cafe Realm seemed equal to the task. With a leap the car's already terrific speed increased with the result that Hawk and the Englishman, in the tonneau, had to cling frantically to their seats.

With a side-splitting roar the police car answered the challenge. Nearer and nearer it crept.

"They're gaining on us!" Hawk heard Jim in the front seat shout at the driver.

"We're almost there!" came back the answer.

"Can't make it!" Jim countered.

"All right, unhook the trailer!" the boss ordered.

Jim complied immediately. From the rear of the car a rope had been led, upon which a sharp pull released the coupler pin. This emergency provision enabled them to unloosen the trailer while the car was going at full speed.

Of a sudden Hawk leaped bolt upright. Suppose the trailer did not leave the road and the pursuing car crashed into it! He shuddered at the consequences of such an event. The unscrupulous boss had probably counted on that very thing. Peering through the back window lights Hawk could see nothing of the trailer, lost in the darkness. Time would soon tell its fate!

Suddenly there was a ripping crash followed by a grinding of brakes. The expected had actually occurred. Nevertheless, a few seconds later the pursuing car again was heard. Looking back Hawk saw but one headlight instead of two. The police car had merely side-swiped the trailer. By this time the bootleggers were far in advance. If the hiding place was near at hand their escape was successful.

To Hawk's surprise their car stopped. There was no shelter at hand, only a mountain rising on one side and lowering on the other. Immediately below them he could see the town in which the Cafe Realm was situated. Jim jumped out of the car and lifted two doors set in the mountainside, camouflaged by brushwood. The car was driven into the cavern thus revealed—surely a snug and safe retreat. But not a moment too soon, for scarcely had the doors been closed when another car came racing from the *opposite* direction.

"If that's another police patrol, I'm afraid we are done for, boss," Jim broke the tension.

"They haven't found us yet. As soon as they go away we will leave the car here and walk into town."

At this remark Hawk suddenly realized where they were. The hiding place and liquor storage, incidentally, was next to an old reservoir which had formerly supplied a bottling concern in the city below with mineral water. In a flash the Cafe Realm's secret of success was clear to him. This bottling concern was in the same block with the Cafe Realm. Making use of the old water pipes to transport their liquors and aided by clever plumbing to prevent detection in the saloon itself was the novel scheme which had for so long baffled the police.

This startling discovery restored Hawk's happy frame of mind. "I wonder why the Englishman is so quiet to-night?" he commented, lighting a cigarette.

"For heaven's sake, put that light out!" the boss commanded angrily.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" defiantly retorted Hawk. By the light of the match he discerned barrels piled on all sides. This explained the extra trip which the boss had made.

The boss disregarded his disobedience. "Hawk, I will give you and Stephenson two-hundred dollars each if you forget what you have seen and heard to-night. Is it a go?"

"What does our friend the Englishman think?" countered Hawk.

"Show me the money," came the answer in a gruff unnatural voice.

In an instant the startled proprietor of the Cafe Realm had the flashlight turned upon the Englishman's face. Simultaneously the boss and Jim cried out in alarm—it was not the Englishman at all who stood before them but an absolute stranger!

The boss turned on Hawk. "What does this mean? Is it some trick of yours?"

Hawk laughed in reply: "No, he is an old friend of mine—revenue agent, by trade."

"Revenue agent! And what in heaven's name are you?"

"I'm one too. Just at present our job is ferreting out liquor-law violators."

The boss could hardly restrain his rage. "You fooled us very cleverly, I admit. I raise my offer to one thousand dollars apiece," he spoke in concealed desperation.

"Make it as high as you want. We don't accept bribes. *Your* fine will be ten times as high as that. Now hold up your hands and open that door!" was Hawk's reply as he turned a flashlight upon Jim and the boss while the stranger, the bogus Englishman, covered them with a revolver. As soon as the door was opened he blew upon a police whistle. It was answered directly, accompanied by the sound of approaching footsteps.

"What—what did you do with the real Englishman?" Jim stammered, slowly recovering from the surprise.

"The real Englishman is right here," Hawk answered.

"Whereabouts?" asked Jim and the boss at once.

"Why, you poor dumb-bells, *I am the Englishman!*" Hawk responded, proudly tapping his chest. "You see that I'm a better actor than you give me credit for."

At these incredulous words the boss collapsed into the hands of the arriving officers.

AZTEC MUMMIES

SIGNOR S. MARGHIERI, the archeologist, discovered and explored a hermetically sealed cave at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico, about two hundred miles south of Deming, between Coralitos and Casa Grande, about two years ago. The floor was nearly smooth, the sides rough and rugged, and the vault covered with stalactites. In the far end of the cavern were found four desiccated human bodies.

The bodies were in a sitting posture, with the hands crossed on the breast, and the knees approaching the chin with the head inclined forward. They were carefully shrouded in their burial garments and placed facing the rising sun. The male and female were seated side by side. The elder child, a boy, was at the right of the father, and the younger child, a girl, at the left of the mother. In addition to the funeral shrouds the little girl was enveloped in the skin of an animal, similar to the method used in the Island of Fuerto Ventura, the better to preserve its tender frame.

The floor of the cavern and the remains were covered with a fine dust, but no footprints of man or beast could be found. The bodies were carried to San Francisco by Signor Marghieri and were purchased by J. Z. Davis, president of the board of trustees of the State Mining Bureau, and by him presented to the bureau.

No embalming process was used in the preservation of these bodies. They were dried by the air alone. The bodies are not like those of the Indians of the present day, because the fingers and hands and feet are smaller than the average, and the woman's hair is brown and silken and of the Caucasian type. The body of the man must have weighed in life from 180 to 200 pounds, but it now weighs only 14 pounds, while the body of the woman weighs only 12 pounds. In the lobe of each of the small and well-proportioned ears is a piece of hollow bamboo or reed as an ornament. The woman had a large forehead and well-developed reasoning powers.

The burial shrouds on the bodies are composed chiefly of cotton, hair, hide, grasses and the bark of willows.

The bodies may now be seen at the rooms of the State Mining Bureau.

Stories About Hypnotism

By PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS

THERE is great danger attached to hypnotic experiments when performed by unscrupulous persons. Once or twice —hypnotism has been used for furthering the ends of justice. In one case a servant girl was accused by her mistress of stealing her jewels. The girl denied the charge with every appearance of sincerity.

When she was in prison it was discovered that she was liable to spontaneous somnambulism. A doctor having reproduced this state by hypnotism, she acknowledged that she had stolen the jewels, and told where she had hidden them.

The experiment was repeated before the court, and the proof was considered conclusive that she had committed the theft while in the somnambulist state and that it was only when this condition returned that she had any consciousness of what she had done. Her moral irresponsibility was therefore held to be established.

In another case a doctor obtained acquittal on a serious charge by proving that he was liable to fall involuntarily into the hypnotic state, and then to commit various acts of which he had no recollection whatever when his normal condition returned.

In Paris, of recent years, hypnotism has been extensively used to cure mental and physical ailments. In this country, Dr. Bramwell, of Goole, appears to have given the subject much study. At the last International Congress of Experimental Psychology he presented four patients, all of them well known to him, and in respectable positions, one being a carpenter, another a shoemaker, a third the wife of a sea captain, and the fourth a girl of that class. It was said that Dr. Bramwell had recently painlessly extracted teeth from the woman, without throwing her into the hypnotic trance, by merely ordering her not to feel pain. The suggestion was efficacious except in the case of one tooth, with regard to which she had previously formed the conviction that she would have pain, so that her self-suggestion overbore his suggestion in that case.

The same patient suffered from severe myopia, only being able to read the third line in the ordinary table of test letters. Dr. Bramwell caused her by suggestion to be able to read all the lines—that is to say, to show more than ordinary long sight. The operation he repeated, and he further mentioned that the mere fact of his giving a written order to a patient to sleep enabled that patient to take out the order, read it and go to sleep whenever he needed it. He had repeatedly sent patients to a dentist, carrying with them a written order not to feel pain. This the patients read when they sat down in the dentist's chair. At that time he had patients who went to sleep by reading the order to do so.

Some remarkable cases of curing disease by means of hypnotism have come under the observation of Dr. Deldœur, of Liego. There was a high official whose nervous agitated state rendered him unhappy for twenty years. The physician showed this to him, without sending him to sleep, that he had the faculty of not feeling pain. He passed a needle through the official's arm without making him jump. He showed to him in that way the power of his will. That will had only to be directed against his nervousness. This the subject understood and was cured.

Dr. Deldœur once attended a woman possessed with the idea of killing her husband and children. Every day she asked herself on rising if that was not the day on which she should accomplish her murders. The doctor defied her to call out the morbid thought while he looked at her. Having succeeded, which was easy, he announced to her that the following day, from eight to nine o'clock, she would not be able to think of killing those

who were dear to her. His success was ultimately complete.

The use of hypnotism as an anesthetic in place of chloroform seems a startling advance upon the cure of toothache. At a hospital in the United States a girl was received who had sustained a heavy fall that deprived her of the use of her lower limbs. When placed upon her feet she sank to the floor as if her legs were mere pulp. She had been in this condition for two years when a Dr. Osgood took up her case. At the first interview she was hypnotized. After she had been put to sleep the doctor lifted one of the paralyzed limbs and said to the girl:

"You cannot put this leg down."

It remained fixed. Her legs were withered away to skin and bone, with apparently no muscle at all in them. Twice a week the doctor hypnotized the girl, and repeated the suggestion until three months had elapsed. At the end of that time the patient was beginning to walk a little. The physician after that did not see her for nine months. Then he is said to have applied hypnotic suggestion a few times as a tonic. The young woman in a short time completely recovered.

Some extraordinary stories are current bearing upon the abuse of hypnotism. In Italy an artillery officer, who was hypnotized, immediately became half crazy. From time to time he would go into somnambulism at the sight of a bright object. He would follow carriage lamps, and unless prevented would walk toward locomotive or steamer lights. An agricultural student was mesmerized by staring at his compass, after which it was impossible for him to draw without going to sleep.

A young girl of Milan, of great beauty and high character, was hypnotized, and impressed with the notion that she was married to a man she had never seen but once, and then in the darkness. She went mad and died in a hospital. In New York a hypnotized person was made to believe that he had taken slow poison. He fell sick and wasted away to a shadow. Not until the attending physician discovered the true nature of the hallucination and rehypnotized the subject was there any symptom of convalescence.

The "low comedy" of hypnotism is oft employed by hypnotist entertainers. In one case the entertainer requested twelve gentlemen to take seats on the stage, and to each of them he gave a small crystal prism set in the center of a dark stone. He asked them to hold the crystals in their right hand about eighteen inches from the eyes and gaze fixedly at them. Mesmeric passes were made over their faces, and after the lapse of a few minutes three of the gazers had fallen asleep. The others were dismissed. With these three subjects the entertainer produced some remarkable phenomena. He induced them to imagine that they were on the seashore, and to imitate bathers and victims of a terrible shipwreck. Then they made the audience laugh, beginning to disrobe for a bath, and the manner in which they swam and floundered on the carpet was most ludicrous. They drank ink with a gusto equaling that shown by the connoisseur when imbibing the finest wines, and ate candles with the zest of an Esquimau.

But these performances are trivial as compared with the powers said to be possessed by a man named Perez, who once visited Mier, on the Rio Grande. Perez arrived at his hotel, and nothing unusual was noticed about him until dinner time, when the queer antics of the waiter who served him drew general attention toward the visitor. Without Perez saying a word to the waiter, after placing dinner on the table, crossed the dining-hall to a table where a gentleman dined, and brought to the table of Perez two bottles of wine with glasses. The gentleman demanded to know why the wine was removed. The waiter said that Perez had ordered him to do so. This Perez denied. The wine was returned. In a few moments the same waiter removed a roast in front of the same man and placed it before Perez. The man despoiled became furious. He kicked the waiter out of the room, the waiter all the time protesting that he had only obeyed the order of Perez. Perez, with a face as white as chalk, said that he had given no order—had done nothing to insult any one—and then left the room.

Shortly afterward the man who had become angry in the dining-room approached Perez and apologized for what he had said. While speaking he handed his watch to Perez, insisting that he should accept it as a present. On Perez going to the bar, the barman took

from a shelf a handsome silver-mounted revolver and begged Perez to keep it. More presents showered down upon the visitor, until the other people in the hotel decided that Perez was either a wizard or an evil spirit. He was told that they intended to tie a stone to his neck and pitch him into the river. He saw they fully intended to carry out this threat, and he made the following statement:

"As I can prove, I was born twenty-seven years ago, and my father sent me to school at Durango when twelve years of age. I was sent to Rome in charge of a priest to prepare for the priesthood. I attended several leading colleges, and pursued my studies until about three weeks ago, when I returned to Mexico. I was never made a priest. While in college years ago, I and four roommates began the study of mesmerism or hypnotism. Our aim was to perfect ourselves in the art so that we could by a glance or a wave of the hand compel any person within range of vision to do any act we willed. I soon became so proficient that I could control almost any one. At first the sense of power was delightful; but gradually I found that if I looked at an article I wished for and admired the owner of it would present it to me. I left Rome and came home. I do not need the presents; I have money. Take them back."

With that the superstitious men and women to whom he had told the story let him go away.

CATCH THIEF BY MAGIC

ONE of the difficulties of the earlier traders and officials in their dealings with the West African native was their failure to appreciate that he was not a thief or liar according to our code of morals—the expert thief being in native eyes a person to be admired. Indeed, certain tribes on the Kru Coast have no word for "truth" at all.

When anything is lost they never waste time in questioning the suspected person.

There is only one thing to be done, and that is to consult the Obeah man (witch doctor), who in turn will make fei-ack (magic) which will determine the identity of the thief. And, incredible as it may seem, he never fails.

The explanation of this is partly to be found in the awful terror in which the Obeah man is held by the ordinary native. Many a strong man trembles when he meets on the road the dirty, evil-smelling witch doctor, with matted hair, carrying a long staff, a bunch of white cock's feathers, a piece of carrion, certain grasses, the nasty smelling fit weed (a small herb with leaves somewhat like holly, only pale green; so called as it is said to cure epilepsy), some human bones, and other disgusting objects.

Imagine, then, this creature seated in the middle of the compound surrounded by a crowd of negroes so terror-stricken that their flesh shows gray under the black skin.

He lights a fire and makes an unholy broth with the horrible ingredients he has brought. He then pours some of this filth on the earth and makes a paste of it, at the same time shouting phrases such as "I smell thief-man!" "This will find thief-man!"

He then walks round the circle dabbing some of the paste on the forehead of each man.

After this he produces a bottle of juju (magic) water. Pouring some of it into a cup, he will explain that it will not hurt the innocent, but that the guilty man will drop dead and jumbis (vampires) will eat his body.

Sometimes it is not even necessary for him to get as far as this stage, for his keen eye has already detected one wretched negro even more terror-stricken than the rest.

In a case of this sort he goes up to the self-evident culprit and brushes him with the white cock's feathers, saying, "Here be the thief-man."

When this is done, the culprit almost invariably falls on his face, howling—often in a fit. The same thing happens when the Obeah man approaches the guilty one with his cup.

Much the same ritual is gone through when a murder has been committed, only in this case the ingredients are still more dreadful, including the blood of babies and their eyes, which are removed from the living child.

Current News

BEE BURIED IN HIS EAR

J. M. Ireland, of Wappingera, Dutchess County, N. Y., received medical treatment the other day for injuries received as a result of a bee flying into his ear and burying itself there.

The bee entered Ireland's ear and stung him. As he tried to extract it the bee buried itself deeper and continued to sting him.

SPITZENBERGEN'S RESOURCES

Spitzbergen, that long-ignored archipelago of the frozen north, is revealing its value. Its coal resources are estimated at 9,000,000,000 tons; it has much low-grade iron ore, deposits of copper, zinc, molybdenum, asbestos, gypsum and oil shale, and possibilities of free oil. Good harbors, frequent communication with Norway, and a climate comparable with that of Sweden, augur a prosperous future for the island.

GRAFTS SHINBONE ON SPINE

Cutting a piece of bone seven inches long from the shin of their patient with an electric rotary saw, surgeons at the receiving hospital the other afternoon grafted it on the man's spinal column, which had been chiseled out to receive the splint, and in forty minutes from the time he was brought into the operating room the patient was being carried to his cot by orderlies.

But this remarkable bone grafting, performed for tuberculosis of the spine, surgeons have given the patient, a man 33 years old, hope of complete recovery in six months.

EMPTY BOTTLE STARTS FIRE.

From time immemorial bottles have started all sorts of trouble — but they were bottles filled with liquids. And now comes an empty bottle with the charge against it of having started a forest fire. John S. Brender, District Ranger of the Wenatchee National Forest, reports a fire which started in the forest recently and that originated in an empty pickle bottle. Brender, while cruising about in the forest, discovered a burned spot, with the bottle in the center of it. His investigation showed a bubble in the glass that had focussed the sun's rays and started the fire, according to his report to forest headquarters, Portland, Ore.

DIG UP GREENPORT INDIAN

The skeleton of an Indian, surrounded by arrowheads and pottery, was discovered recently by Dr. Harry Dorman of the American University at Beirut, Syria, while he was digging a posthole on a tennis court at Orient.

One of the posts broke while Dr. Dorman was playing tennis with his brother, Dr. Franklin Dorman, of New York, so he sent for a shovel and a new post. He found arrowheads when he had dug two feet, and then exposed part of the skeleton.

The skeleton was in perfect condition, the teeth being white and well perserved. The Indian is believed to have been one of the Poquatuck tribe, which inhabited this section of Long Island.

NEW JAPANESE BATTLESHIP

The keel of the battleship Tosa for the Japanese navy has been laid at Nagasaki. The vessel will have a length of 900 feet and her displacement will be 40,000 tons. Her main battery will consist of eight or ten 16-inch guns, and she will be among the most powerful battleships in the world, embodying all essential improvements developed during the World War. Her motive power will be geared turbines, and her designated horespower, it is estimated, will be sufficient to develop a speed of twenty-four knots. She was provided for by the 1918 construction program, which included three other vessels of her class, but it is not certain that these will all be of uniform design.

WOMAN EXECUTIONER

It will be a surprise to most people to learn that there has actually been a woman executioner in this country. In olden times few cared to undertake the office of executioner, and occasionally death sentences were respited on condition that the criminal should perform this office. A case of this sort occurred in prerevolutionary days, when a woman was sentenced to death for a murder she had committed in Virginia. The death sentence was respited on her offering to become public executioner, and, known as Lady Betty, she performed those duties for many years. She officiated on the scaffold without any mask or disguise, and flogged criminals through the streets with vigor.

HAS MACHINE FOR ARMLESS

A remarkable piece of apparatus which supplies arms to any one who lacks those members was demonstrated at the annual conference of the British Medical Association at Newcastle recently.

The demonstrator was an armless man, who, incidentally, has lost an eye. He sat at a table and by levers worked with his feet he operated a mechanical pair of arms which, it seemed, were made of lead piping.

With these arms the armless man fed himself and enjoyed the meal. He used knife, fork, spoon, cup and napkin with ease and grace. Then he picked up a cigarette, raised it to his lips and lit it. He cut out a paper pattern with scissors and wrote his name with a pencil.

This new mechanism is regarded as the greatest triumph of ingenuity in the art which is now called prosthetics.

HIS ASHES TO THE WINDS

A young man who had motored out to Garden City in a touring car walked up to "Casey" Jones at the Curtiss Flying Field the other day and said:

"I want to make a flight. It won't be a joy ride, though, so far as I'm concerned. I have what to me is a sacred duty to perform."

Under his arm the young man held a package, wrapped in an American flag. He hugged it as he took his seat in the fusilage of "Casey's" plane and the ship began to climb.

For a quarter of an hour the machine continued its flight. Then, at his passenger's direction, the pilot went back to the field. Safely landed, the passenger said he was Charles E. Height, of No. 1244 New York avenue, Brooklyn. He explained:

"What I carried up was my father's ashes. They have been scattered to the four winds, as he directed in his will."

The young man's father, he said, was Charles F. Haight, secretary of the David Dunlop, Inc., tobacconist. He died July 21.

THREE KILLED BY RADIUM'S HEAT

The death of three persons connected with the Radium Institute, which at first was declared to be directly caused by their proximity to the radium, has been found to be only indirectly the result of their work. An investigation recently completed showed that while the three victims died from ordinary disease, it was their power of resistance that had been undermined by their work with radium. Every member of the Radium Institute was affected by the presence of the radium. Each of the three who died was suffering from anæmia when attacked by other diseases and therefore they were in no condition to resist the illness.

INDIAN SKELETONS FOUND

An old Indian burying ground, with skeletons in an excellent state of preservation, was found the other day at the Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association camp, on Rehoboth Beach, Del., by Prof. Marvin H. Markle of Baltimore.

The first grave was found at the top of a hill where the recent rains had washed the sand from the face of the hill, showing a cross section of the grave. Some of the bones turned to dust when touched, and many are in a crumbly condition, although the skull, with its cheekbones, is in good condition, while ten teeth were found, nine being perfect. A small metal piece was found near the skull, on which was a rude etching of a bear in a sitting position.

Later more skeletons were found, and several tomahawks and spear heads. It is believed the hill was the site of a battle in which Delaware Indians took part, and where the warriors were buried after the battle. The skeletons are evidently those of young men.

Hundreds of visitors are inspecting the cliff, which has been carefully fenced off from souvenir hunters.

ITALIAN MIRACLE PROVED A FAKE

A supposed miracle healing in Rome whereby a former Italian soldier named Manca, according to his own testimony, was cured of paralysis through daily prayers at St. Peter's now seems to have been a trick cleverly worked by Manca in order to facilitate his escape from military service.

Dispatches from Rome state that the military authorities have sent broadcast a warning that an impostor named Manca had recently scaled the wall of an institution for war victims. Investigation of the war records, moreover proves that he had never been wounded or shell shocked as Manca's affidavit to the ecclesiastical commission stated.

The miracle was purported to have been the result of nightly visions in which saintly forms advised Manca to have himself carried on a stretcher three times a day for a week before the high altar at St. Peter's. At the end of the seventh day with cries of joy, he left the stretcher and walked to a hotel, followed by hundreds of priests and worshippers who had witnessed the "cure."

TREE OF THE GODS SACRED IN INDIA

The natives of the hill regions of India consider the deodar tree almost sacred. As its name implies, it is the tree of the gods, and round many of the picturesque little temples one sees magnificent groves of fine old deodars, perhaps 800 or 900 years old, trees that no one would dream of cutting, for they are considered as the personal property of the gods.

Even should a deodar fall down from old age no hillman would dare to use its timber for his own private needs. Misfortune, as he believes, would certainly result.

If a house were built of the sacred timber, either the house would refuse to stand or—what is the more usual form of the god's displeasure—the owner's family would fall victims to some terrible disease or his crops would fail to ripen.

A hillman who has had to pass through one of these groves will carefully remove even dry needles that have stuck to his feet for fear that he may arouse the gods' displeasure by inadvertently removing some of his property.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS GRAND CANYON

There is a new thrill in store for tourists of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. In spite of almost insuperable difficulties a suspension bridge has been constructed across the Colorado River, at Granite Gorge, permitting direct access from the south side to the north side—or north rim, as it is called—of the canyon, where is located the grandest scenery in the park, hitherto inaccessible to tourists. Henceforth the rim-to-rim travel is destined to be the most exciting incident in a visit to the Grand Canyon.

The site of the bridge is just above the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, about 10 miles by trail from Grand Canyon station. It is a narrow gorge with precipitous rocky walls towering to a height on the southern rim of 4,500 feet, and on the north rim to 1,500 feet higher. It is the only bridge over the Colorado River for a distance of 500 miles between The Needles, Cal., and the point in Utah where the Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green Rivers.

PERFECT SPIRALS FOUND IN NATURE

Practical geometry, such as constructing mathematically perfect spirals, would seem to call for not a little skill and much learning, but among the lower animals and even among the plants there are many which use it more perfectly than the professors at the universities can do with their instruments.

For instance, many snail shells are perfect spirals, the inner part of a spider's web is a beautiful flat spiral, the inner dark part of a sunflower is a multitude of interesting spirals, the segments of pine cones are set in perfect spirals, the eyes of a peacock's tail feathers form a series of radiating and interesting segments of spirals.

Fabre, the great French entomologist, who devoted his life to the study of insects, made the comment that the mathematically perfect spirals of nature were proof of the existence of a Divine mathematician. For how could such creatures as snails and spiders, for example, know or make the complex calculations that are involved in building a spiral? A high-school course in mathematics does not reach nearly that far.

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by Chas. F. Oursler.
13 "Under a Mask," by Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by Chas. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by Redfield Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline C. Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector J. Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by C. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign on the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William Hamilton Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by W. H. Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by Ethel Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. H. Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thos. J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
77 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by Wm. Kofoed.
80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.
81 "Professor Satan," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "A Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Marc Edmund Jones.
87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
88 "Four Ten-Dollar Bills," by Henry G. Howland.
89 "A Challenge to Power," by Dr. Harry Enton.
90 "The House Next-Door," by Police Captain Howard.
91 "The Trance Detective," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
92 "Friday at Twelve," by Katherine Stagg.
93 "By the Left Hand," by Hamilton Craigie.
94 "The Melody of Death," by Jack Bechdolt.
95 "The Trick of the Great Yen How," by William Hamilton Osborne.
96 "At Moriarity's," by Fred S. Shuey.

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Throughout the Northwest the fringe-bordered and bead-bedecked Indian moccasin is rapidly being substituted by the white man's shoe. The high-laced shoe is a favorite with both sexes.

The aboriginal moccasin fabric was moose hide for cold weather in the Northwest; buffalo hide with the hair on for winter on the plains; buckskin for all general purposes, and later on beef hide in place of the disappearing skins.

In one fabric or the other were distinct tribal models with historical events drawn in beads. The squaws were the recorders of history by their moccasin bead work. The Crow, Sioux and Blackfoot Indian shoes possessed a hard rawhide sole to ward off stubby grass and pebbles.

In the snowy regions of the Northwest the moccasin had soft soles that would admit of the use of the snowshoe.

CHINESE DENTISTS PULL TEETH WITH FINGERS

Although the Chinese boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in China, it is still true that for operations in dentistry we would hardly care to go to a Chinese.

The work of old-time Chinese dentists is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board, and this training changes the aspect of the hand and gives him a finger grip that is equivalent to a lifting power of three or four hundred pounds.

For toothache he employs opium, peppermint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. Sometimes he fills teeth, but he does it so poorly that the fillings fall out after a few months.

There is an element of superstition in his work, for he asserts that all dental troubles are brought on by tooth worms, and he always shows the nerve pulp to the patient as such a worm. For humbugging purposes also the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble.

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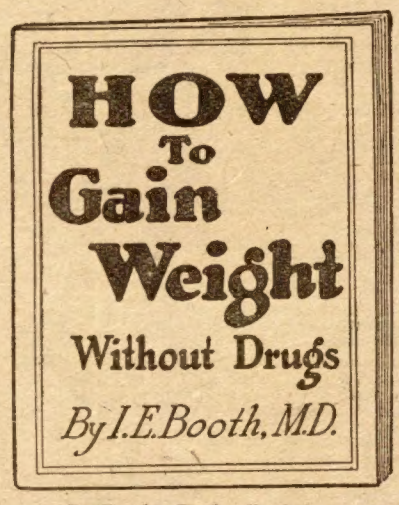

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